

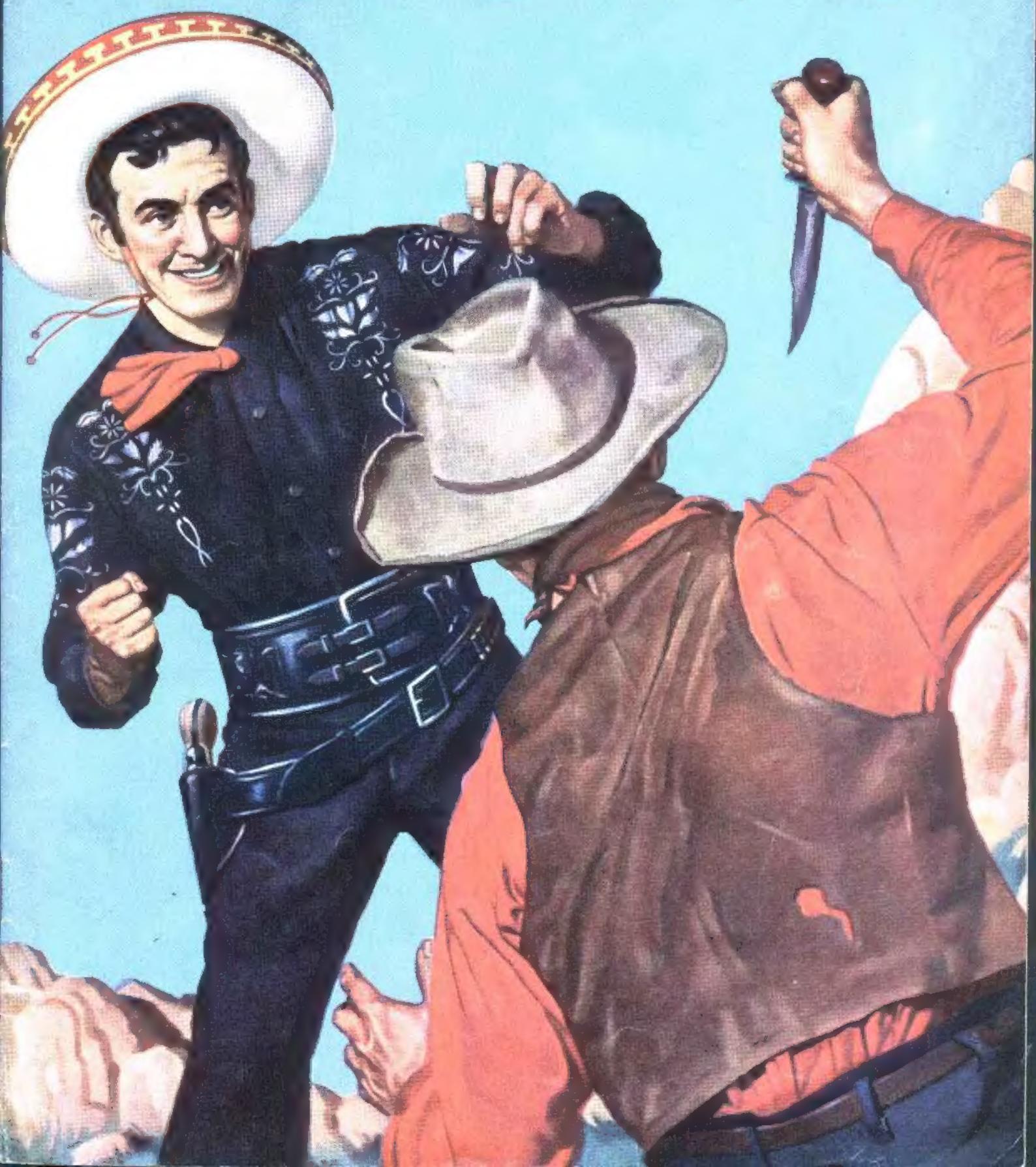
A DELL COMIC
DELL
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MAR.-APR.

THE

CISCO KID

10¢



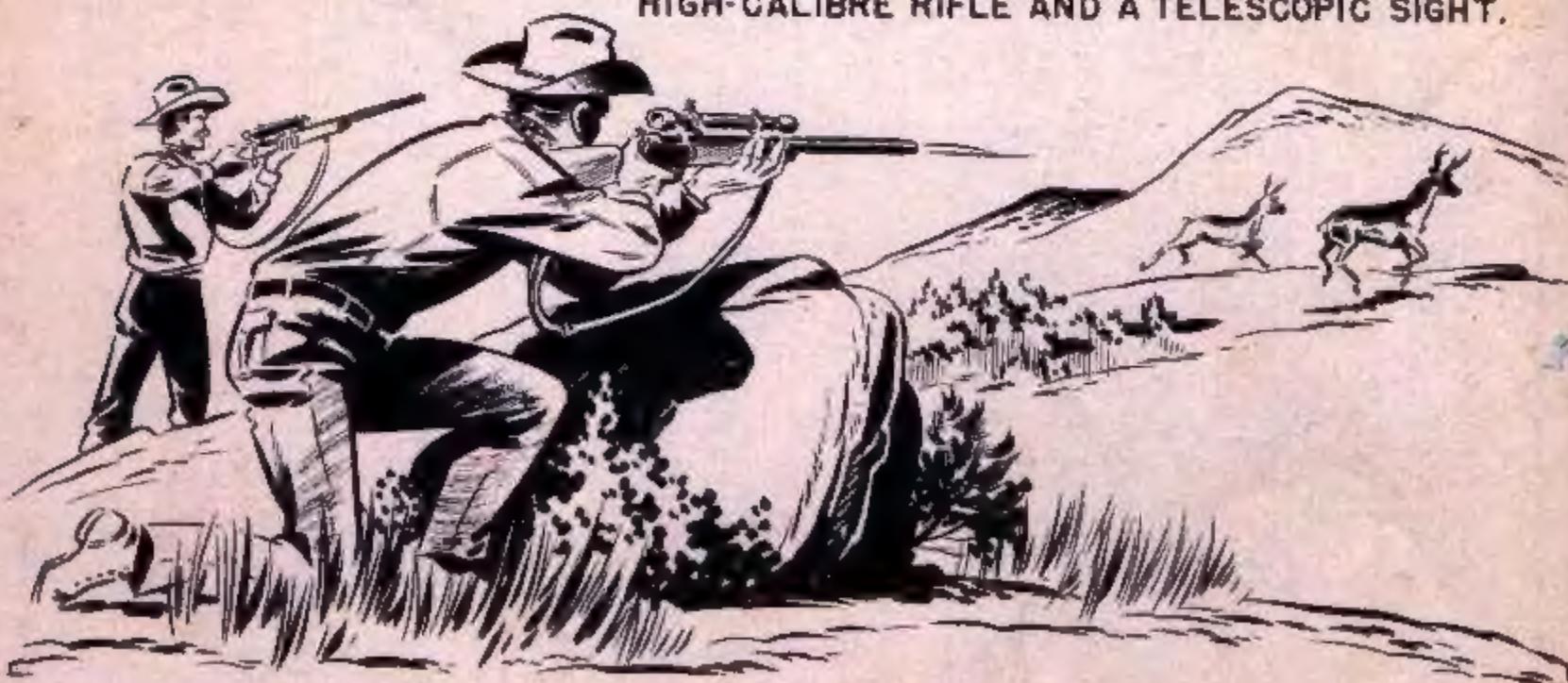
HOST OF THE DESERT

PRONGHORN ANTELOPE



THE PRONGHORN ANTELOPE SPENDS HIS ENTIRE LIFE IN OPEN, TREELESS COUNTRY. IN SPITE OF THIS, HE IS ONE OF THE HARDEST ANIMALS TO HUNT. NATURE, BY GIVING HIM A FORTY MILE AN HOUR SPEED WHEN RUNNING, SEEMS TO BE COMPENSATING FOR THE EXPOSED WAY IN WHICH HE LIVES. THE EXTRAORDINARY EYESIGHT OF THE ANTELOPE MAY ALSO BE EXPLAINED AS A COMPENSATION. ONE OF THE HERD, ACTING AS GUARD WHEN THE FLOCK IS GRAZING, IS CONSTANTLY ALERT AND CAN SEE MAN OR COYOTE MILES AWAY. ONCE DANGER IS SIGHTED, THE WHITE HAIRS ON THE ANIMAL'S RUMP SUDDENLY STAND ON END AND HIS MUSK GLANDS GIVE OFF A POWERFUL ODOR WHICH INSTANTLY SETS THE WHOLE FLOCK RACING AWAY.

YEARS AGO, HUNTERS TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE PRONGHORN'S STRANGE CURIOSITY INSTINCT. A FLUTTERING RAG ON A STICK WAS ENOUGH TO BRING HIM WITHIN RIFLE RANGE! BUT TODAY, ANTELOPE SEEM TO HAVE LEARNED THE TRICKS AND THE BEST WAY TO MAKE A KILL IS A LONG, CAREFUL STALKING AND A VERY LONG SHOT WITH A HIGH-CALIBRE RIFLE AND A TELESCOPIC SIGHT.



THE CISCO KID

AND THE
BAD MEN OF
BLUE MOON RIDGE

WHAT YOU KNOW, CISCO!
THE SUN IS INSIDE THE CLOUDS---
AND PANCHO HAVE NOT ANY
WATCH---BUT HE CAN TELL
THE TIME IT IS!

VERY WELL!
WHAT TIME
IS IT?

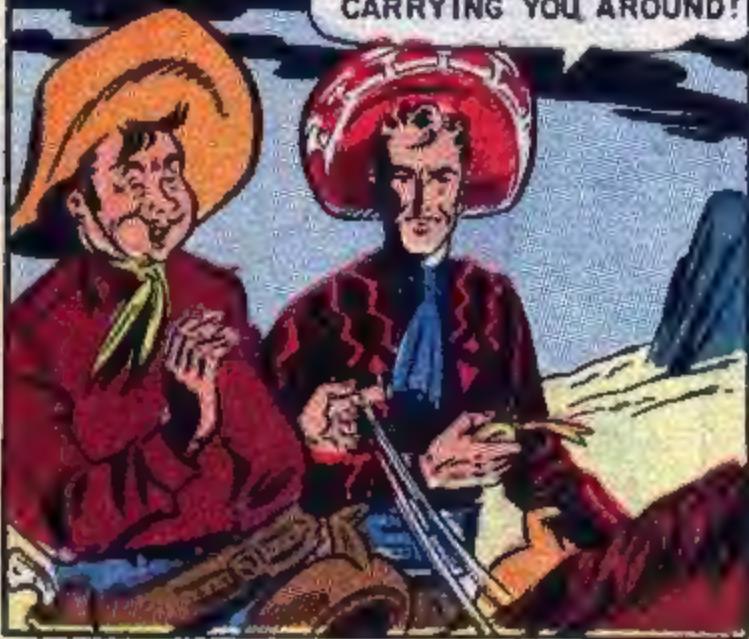


TIME TO EAT!
HO! HO! PANCHO
MAKES THE JOKE!

YOUR APPETITE IS
NO JOKE! ASK LOCO!
HE IS GROWING
SWAY-BACKED FROM
CARRYING YOU AROUND!

AHA! THE KETTLE HE
CALLS THE POT BLACK!
LOOK AT DIABLO! HE
IS HAVING TROUBLE---

BUT NOT WITH ME!
HE HAS PICKED UP
A STONE!



WE WILL STOP FOR LUNCH
IN THOSE TREES, AMIGO! GO
AHEAD AND BUILD A FIRE!
I WILL BE ALONG SHORTLY!

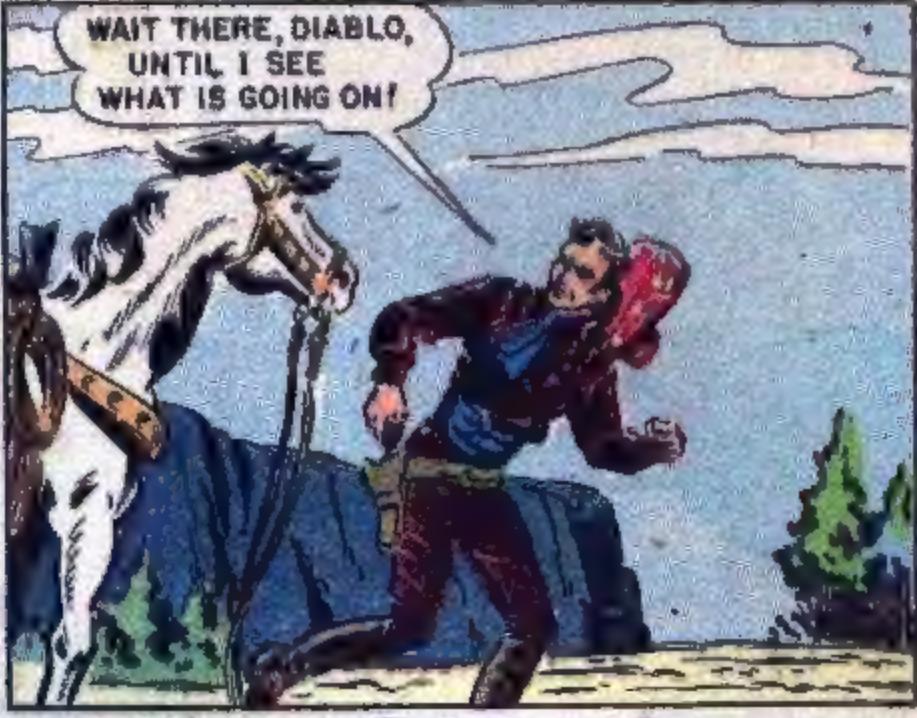
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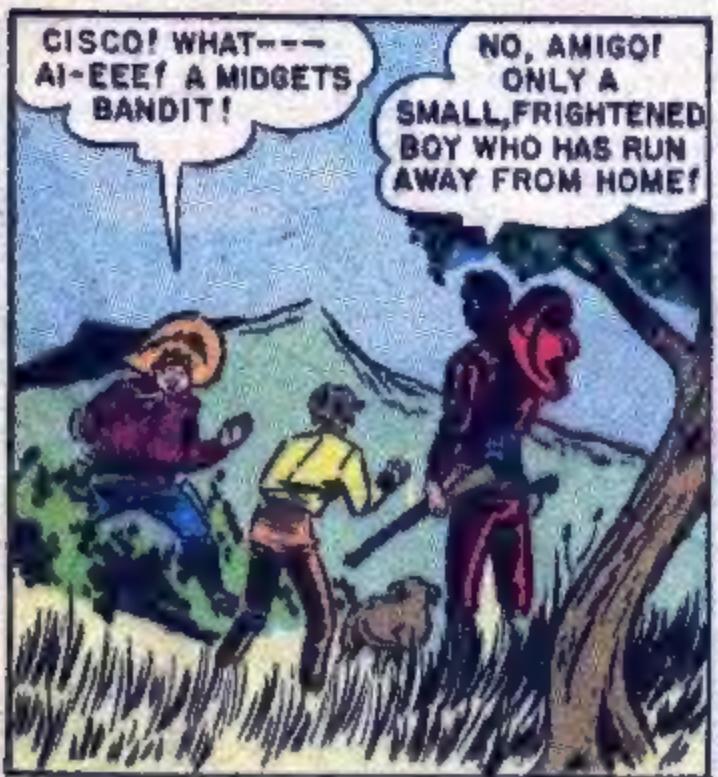


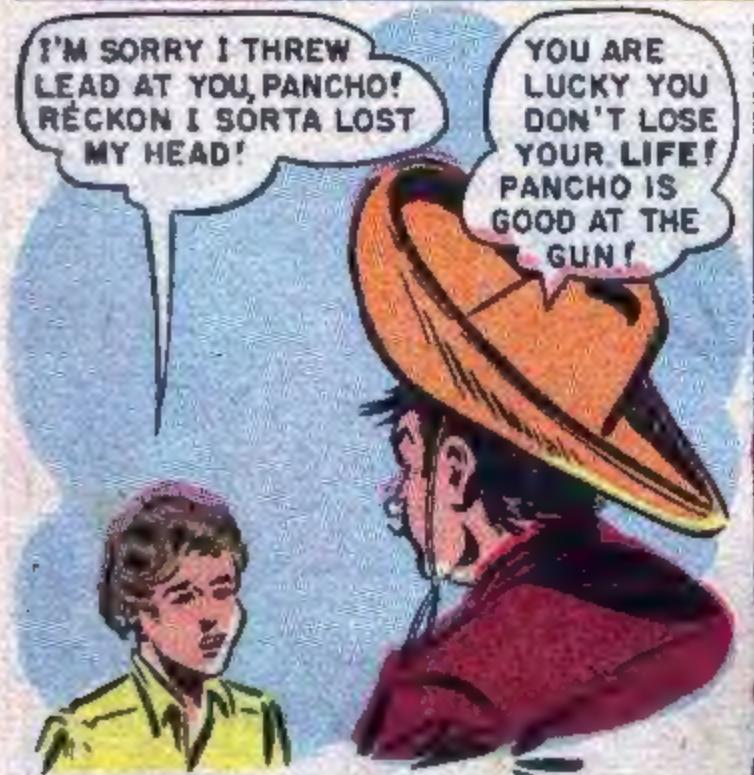
EASY, BOY!
I WILL HAVE IT
OUT PRONTO!



AS CISCO STRAIGHTENS...







OF COURSE NOT! HE'S WAITING BEYOND THE TREES! I WILL CALL HIM!

I'LL GATHER SOME FIREWOOD!

AT CISCO'S WHISTLED SIGNAL...

HERE HE COMES! AND NOT LIMPING NOW!

WHICKER-EEE!



GOSH! HE'S SURE SMART!

THAT IS RIGHT, TAD! HE HAS SAVED MY LIFE MANY TIMES!

MAYBE HE'LL HAVE TO SAVE IT AGAIN---SOON! 'CAUSE IF IKE'S ON MY TRAIL, AN' CATCHES UP WITH ME WHILE I'M WITH YOU---HE'S LIABLE TO SHOOT FIRST AN' TALK AFTERWARDS!



THEN PERHAPS YOU HAD BETTER TALK NOW! WHO IS THIS SEÑOR IKE? AND WHY DID YOU RUN FROM HIM?

HE'S IKE SLADE --- MY STEPFATHER! WE USED TO LIVE IN KANSAS! BUT WHEN MOM DIED LAST YEAR, WE MOVED INTO INDIAN TERRITORY!



IKE TOOK TO RUNNIN' WITH A
WILD BUNCH! AN' STAYIN' OUT TILL
ALL HOURS! I HAD A GOOD IDEA
WHAT WAS UP — — —



"I HAD A WILD NOTION I MIGHT BE
ABLE TO STOP 'EM... SO I TRAILED 'EM."



"AN' HEADED FOR THE ELDORADO CAFÉ..."



"ONE NIGHT, I FOUND OUT FOR SURE."

OKAY, LET'S GO! AN'
REMEMBER --- IF ANYBODY
GETS IN OUR WAY, DOWN 'EM!



"THEY HID THEIR HORSES IN AN ALLEY."



"THEY WERE PULLIN' UP THEIR WIPES FOR
MASKS WHEN THE MOON POPPED OUT."



"BEFORE I COULD DUCK, IKE TURNED
AN' SPOTTED ME."

WHAT IN BLAZES?
THE KID!



"I LIT OUT PRONTO, BUT
IT WASN'T ANY USE."

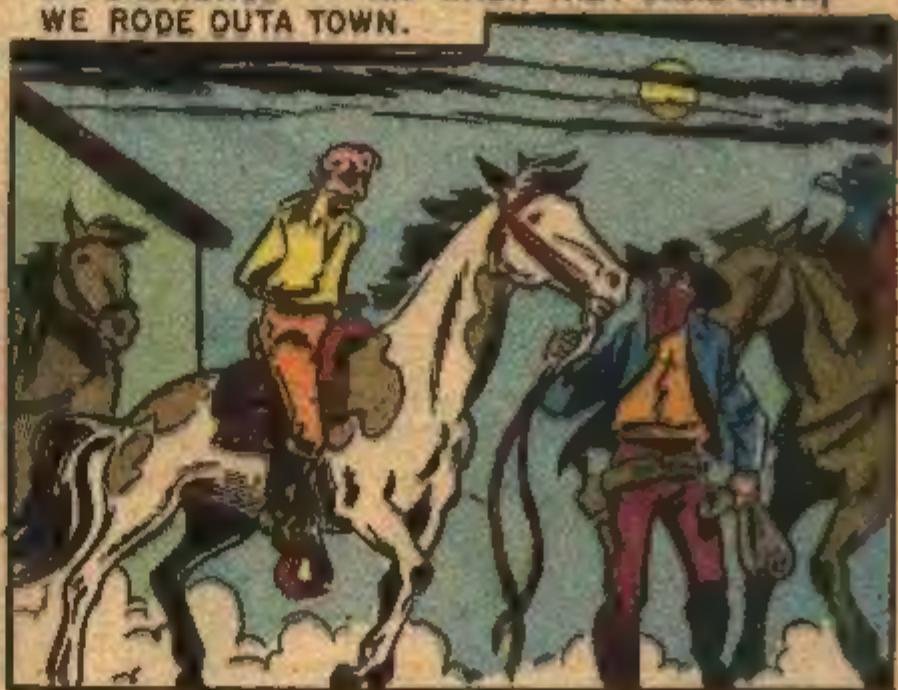
YOU BLASTED LITTLE
SNEAK! I'LL TEACH YOU
TO SPY ON ME!



"HE GAVE ME THE WHIPPIN' OF MY LIFE.



"THEY LEFT ME FOR A WHILE, GAGGED AN' TIED
ONTO A HORSE --- AN' WHEN THEY CAME BACK,
WE RODE OUTA TOWN."



"IKE AN' LIJE WERE RIDIN' AHEAD, I RODE
DOUBLE-UP WITH SLATS ..."

HEY, IKE! THE KID KEEPS
SLIPPIN' OFF! WANT ME TO UNTIE
HIM, SO HE CAN HOLD ON?

YEAH! BUT KEEP A CLOSE
WATCH ON HIM! CAN'T TAKE CHANCES ON
HIS MAKIN' A BREAK FOR IT!

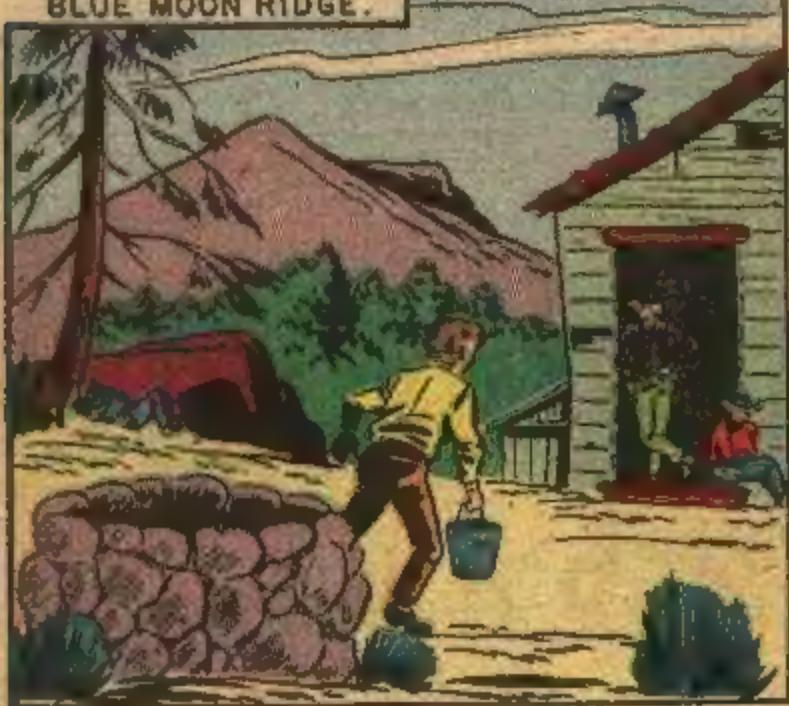


"THEY HOLED UP IN A MOUNTAIN SHACK FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS. THEN ONE MORNING..."

"WE'RE MOVIN' ON TO TEXAS, TAD! BUT YOU AIN'T GOIN' ALONG UNLESS YOU SWEAR TO KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!"



"WE PUT UP IN A DESERTED SHACK ON BLUE MOON RIDGE."



"NIGHT BEFORE LAST, THEY CRACKED OPEN THE LOST CREEK BANK, AN' WE'RE SITTIN' AROUND THE TABLE COUNTIN' THE MONEY."



I DIDN'T WANT TO DIE, SO I PROMISED! AN' NOW I'VE BROKEN MY WORD BUT---

A PROMISE MADE AT THE POINT OF A GUN IS NOT BINDING ON ANYONE! GO AHEAD! WHAT HAPPENED AFTER YOU CAME TO TEXAS?



"AN' WHEN THE CASH FROM THE ELDORADO HOLDUP WAS GONE, THEY STARTED NIGHT RIDIN' AGAIN."



"THEN IKE GOT PLENTY NASTY AN' CAME AT ME WITH A GUN."

WE GOT A PERFECT SETUP HERE! AN' TO MAKE SURE IT STAYS THAT WAY---



"SLATS STOPPED HIM."

WHAT
THE---

YOU AIN'T DOWNIN'
NO KID WHILE I'M
AROUND, SLADE!



"I DUCKED OUT BACK AN' HID IN THE WELL. I
COULD HEAR IKE HUNTN' FOR ME."

WHERE IN
BLAZES DID
HE GO?

HE'LL COME BACK!
DON'T WORRY!



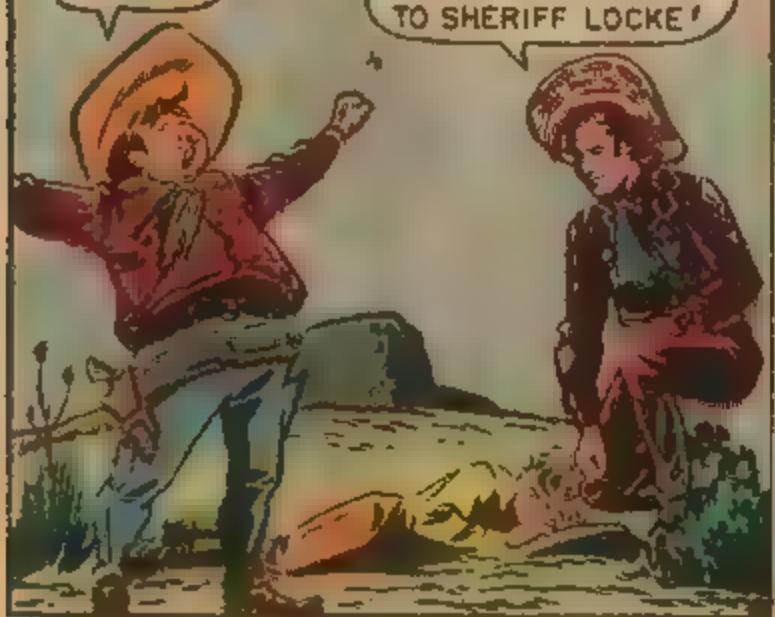
"WHEN THEY WERE ALL DEAD ASLEEP, I TOOK MY
RIFLE AND RISKY AN' SOME GRUB --- AN'
HEADED UP THE RIDGE

I'VE BEEN ON THE
MOVE --- EVER SINCE --- AN'
I'M --- SURE --- TIRED ---



AHA! HE TAKES
THE SIESTA! PANCHO,
TOO' AND YOU,
CISCO?

ND' I AM
STARTING FOR
LOST CREEK TO
TELL TAD'S STORY
TO SHERIFF LOCKE'



BUT I AM NOT LEAVING TAD
HERE FOR THAT HOMBRE
SLADE TO FIND'

YOU ARE NOT
LEAVING PANCHO,
EITHER' NOT BY
A LONG SHOOT!



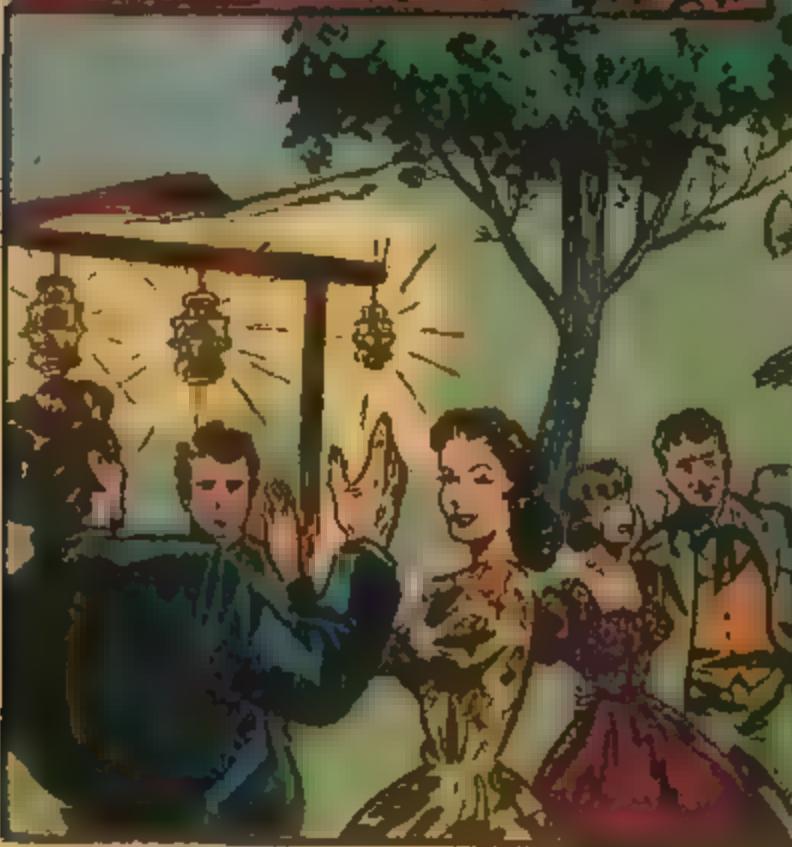
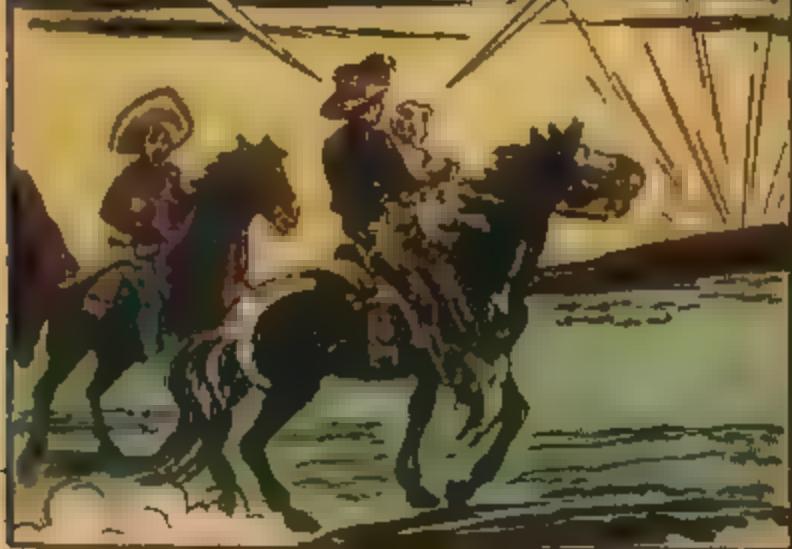
LATER...

WE CANNOT MAKE LOST CREEK BEFORE DARK, SO I THINK WE WILL STOP AT SEÑOR MACDONALD'S RANCH!

AFTER THAT LONG NAP, I COULD KEEP GOIN' ALL NIGHT!

(YAWNN!) NOT PANCHO! HE IS SO TIRED, HE HEARS STRANGE NOISES--- LIKE HORNS AND FIDDLERS AND ---

I HEAR THEM, TOO! COMING FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS RISE!



CISCO' PANCHO! FALL OUT O' THOSE
SAADDLES! WE'RE HAVIN' A SHIVAREE TO
CELEBRATE MY GAL JESSIE'S WEDDIN'
AN' IF YOU DON'T STAY A SPELL---

WE WILL STAY ALL NIGHT, SEÑOR
MAC---IF YOU HAVE ROOM FOR US
AND OUR LITTLE AMIGO---
TAD FISHER!



PLENTY O' SPACE IN
THE BUNKHOUSE! AN'
MORE THAN PLENTY
TO EAT!

SANTO! THOSE
WORDS ARE THE
MUSIC PANCHO LIKE
BEST TO HEAR!

I WISH TO TALK TO SEÑOR
MAC, PANCHO! SO, BEFORE
YOU START STUFFING,
SUPPOSE YOU AND TAD
SEE TO THE HORSES!

BUT OF
COURSE!
COME, SEÑOR
TAD!



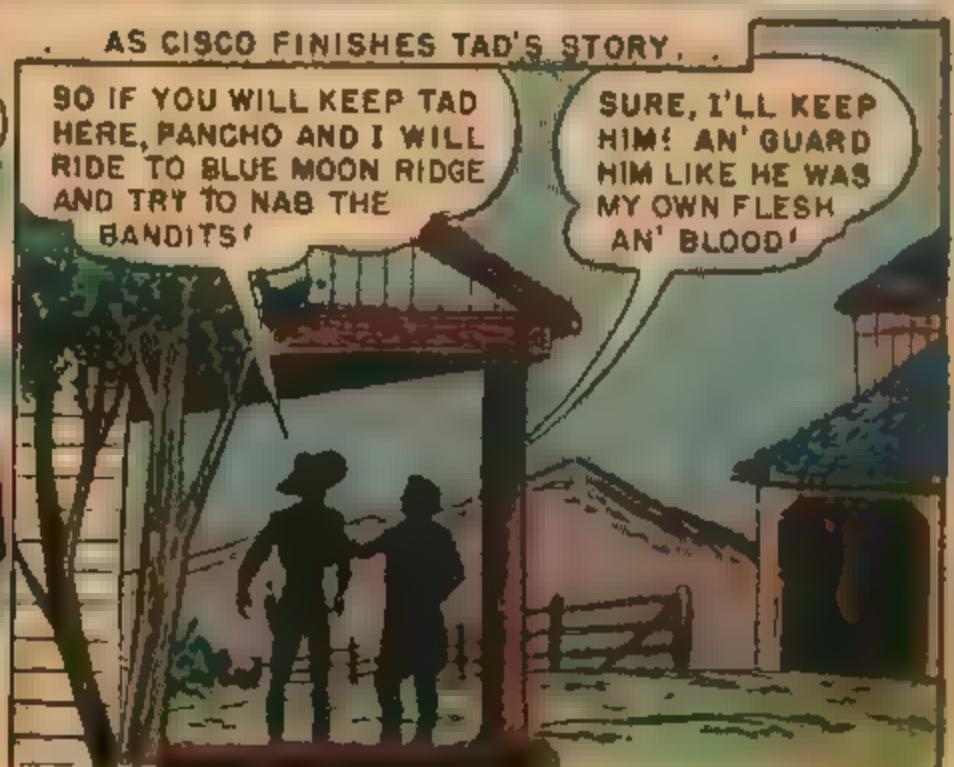
WHAT'S ON
YOUR MIND,
CISCO?

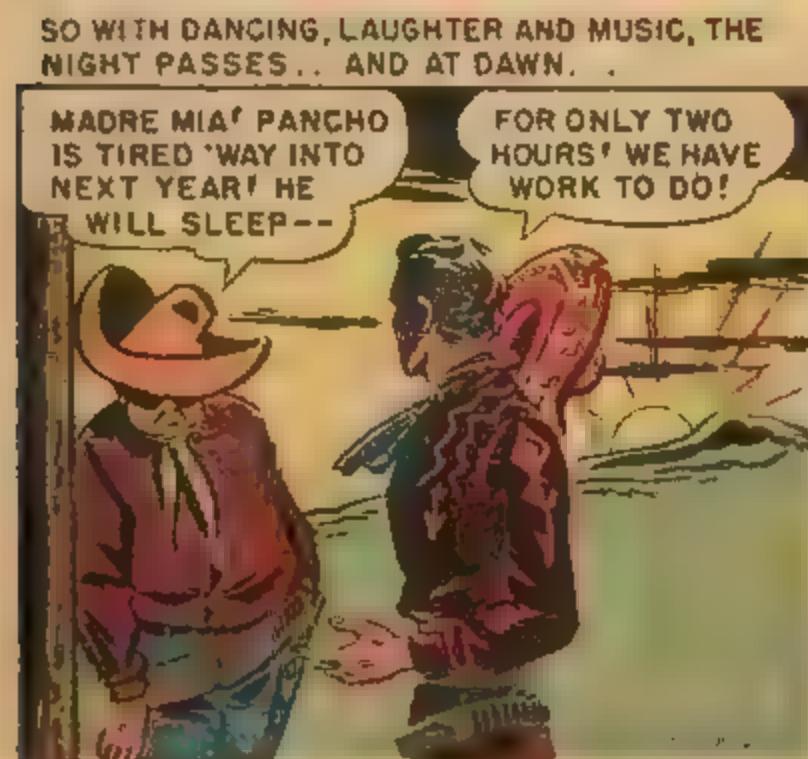
THE LITTLE SEÑOR
TAD! HE IS A RUN-
AWAY FROM A STEP-
FATHER WHO IS---

AS CISCO FINISHES TAD'S STORY,

SO IF YOU WILL KEEP TAD
HERE, PANCHO AND I WILL
RIDE TO BLUE MOON RIDGE
AND TRY TO NAB THE
BANDITS!

SURE, I'LL KEEP
HIM! AN' GUARD
HIM LIKE HE WAS
MY OWN FLESH
AN' BLOOD!

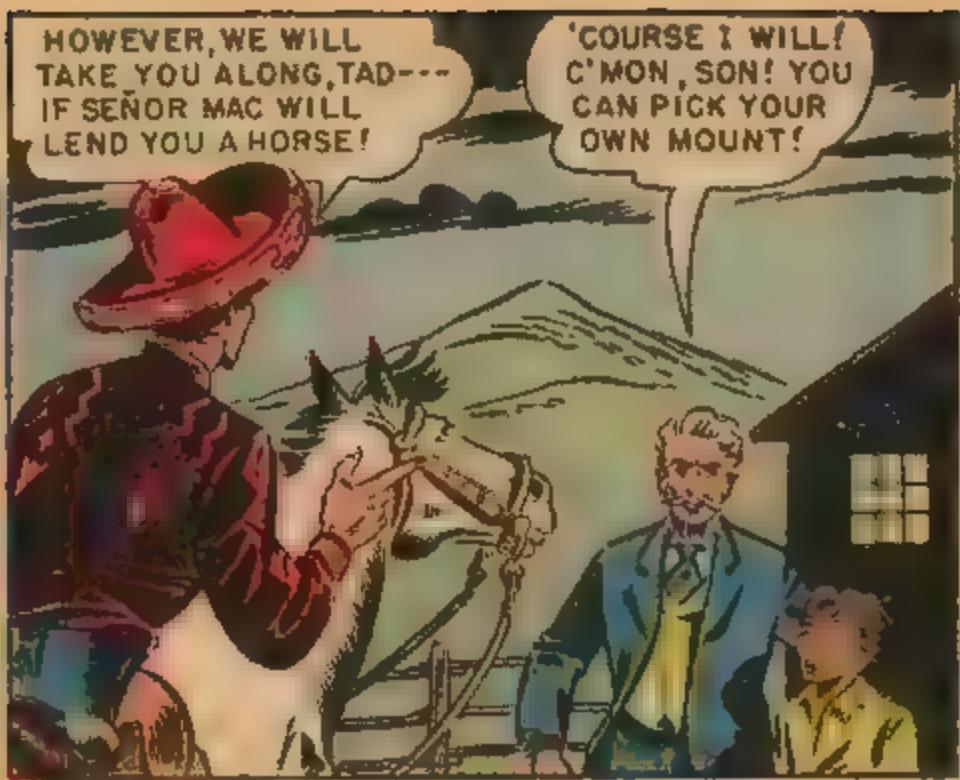




NO! TWO OR THREE RIDERS
WILL NOT AROUSE SUSPICION!
BUT A POSSE WILL SCATTER
THE BANDITS LIKE LEAVES
IN A STRONG WIND!

HOWEVER, WE WILL
TAKE YOU ALONG, TAD---
IF SEÑOR MAC WILL
LEND YOU A HORSE!

'COURSE I WILL!
C'MON, SON! YOU
CAN PICK YOUR
OWN MOUNT!



THE RISKY UP, TAD!
WE CANNOT TAKE
HIM, TOO!

OKAY!



NEXT AFTERNOON ...

TAD! WHY DO
YOU STOP?

'CAUSE WE'RE
GETTIN' CLOSE! WE
CAN SEE THE SHACK
FROM THAT CANYON
RIM YONDER!



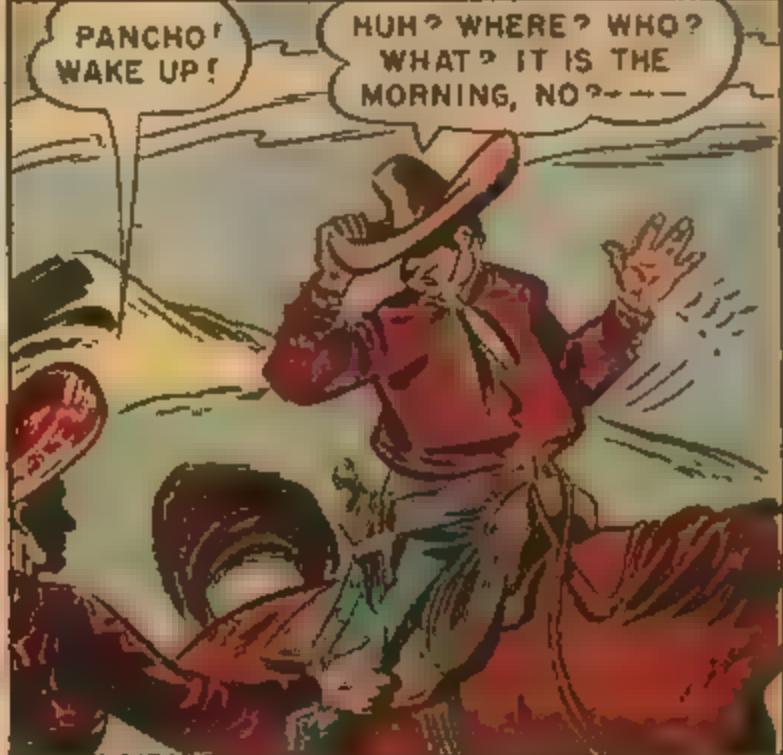
THEN WE WILL LEAVE
THE HORSES HERE AND--
SANTO! LOOK AT
PANCHO!

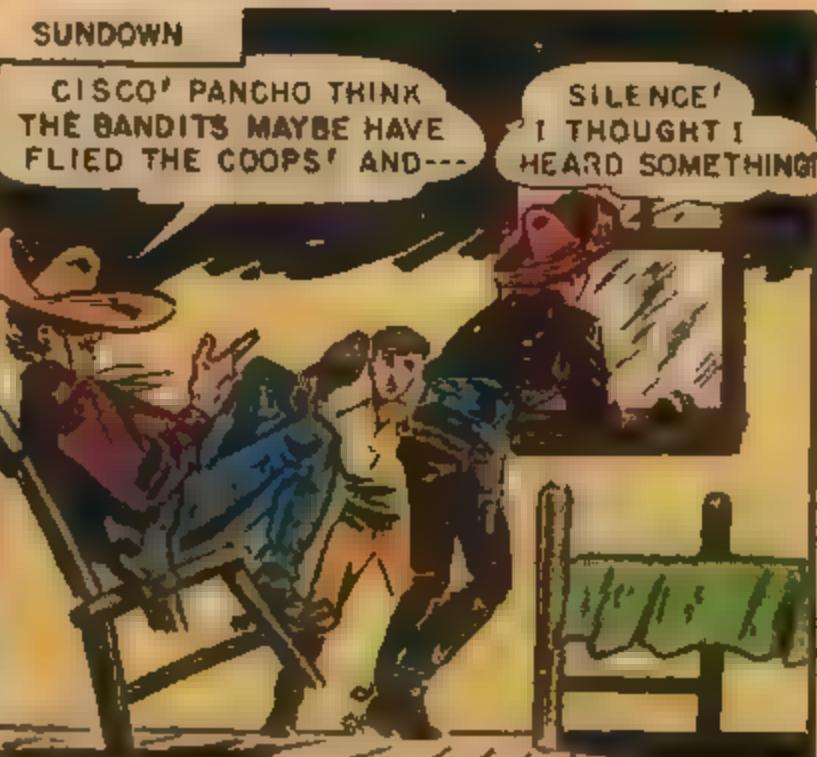
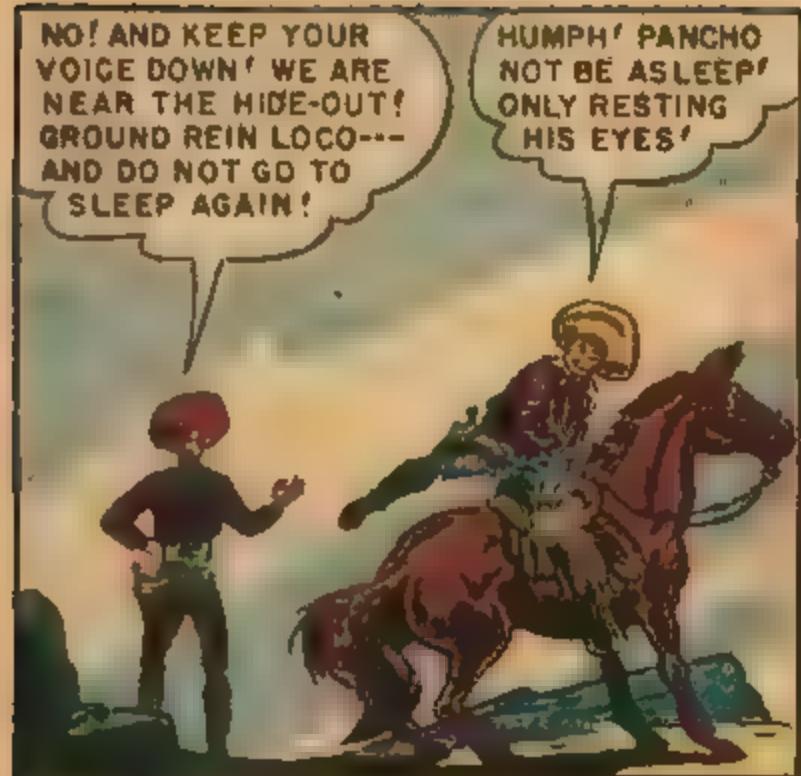
GOSH! HE'S GONE
TO SLEEP AGAIN!



PANCHO!
WAKE UP!

HUH? WHERE? WHO?
WHAT? IT IS THE
MORNING, NO?---





I DID' THREE RIDERS
ARE COMING UP THE
CANYON!

IT'S THEM! OH,
GOSH! I HOPE
YOUR PLAN
WORKS, CISCO!

SO DO I! HURRY, PANCHO!
REMEMBER! SHOW YOUR-
SELF THE MINUTE I SPEAK!

DO NOT WORRY,
AMIGO! PANCHO BE
JOHNNY-ON-THE-
DOTS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER . . .

BLAST THAT
KID! IF I EVER GET
MY HANDS ON HIM
AGAIN---

IKE!
LOOK!

UH---WHO---SAY'
YOU BIRDS'VE
BEEN GONE A
LONG TIME!

TAD!

I TOLD YOU
HE'D COME
BACK! WE WERE
LOCO TO WASTE
THREE DAYS
LOOKIN' FOR HIM!

I'LL FIX HIM
THIS TIME! I---

HOLD IT,
SLADE! WHAT
I SAID ABOUT
PLUGGIN' KIDS
STILL GOES!

OUTA MY WAY!
OR I'LL BLAST YOU
TO KINGDOM COME
ALONG WITH HIM!

BUT AS IKE RAISES HIS
GUN . . .

OWW!

BANG!

UP WITH YOUR HANDS,
HOMBRES! OR I WILL BLOW
ALL OF YOU TO KINGDOM COME!

THE LAW! DON'T
SHOOT! I GIVE UP!

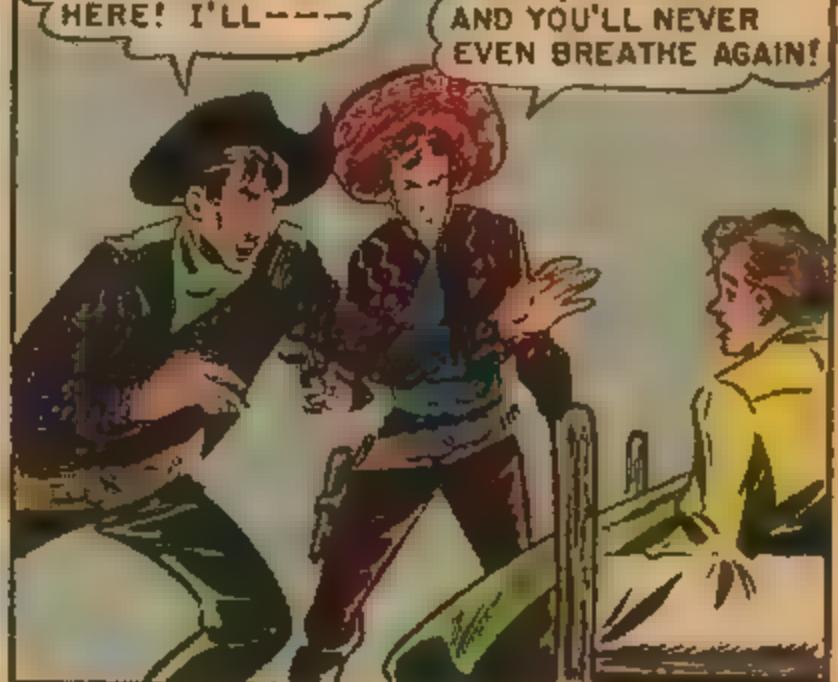
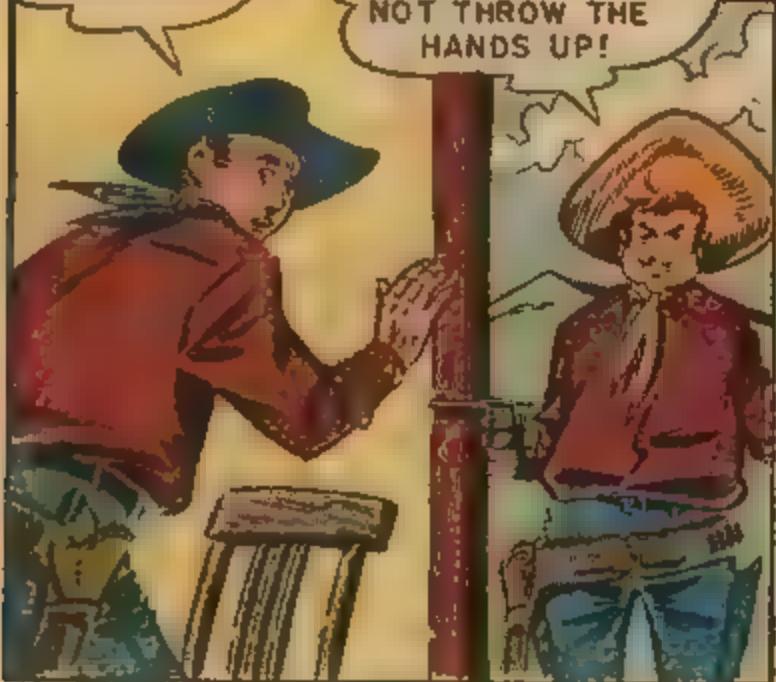


NOT ME!
I'M DUSTIN'!

YOU BITE THE DUST,
SEÑOR, IF YOU DO
NOT THROW THE
HANDS UP!

YOU DONE THIS!
YOU BROUGHT 'EM
HERE! I'LL---

TAKE ONE MORE
STEP, HOMBRE---
AND YOU'LL NEVER
EVEN BREATHE AGAIN!



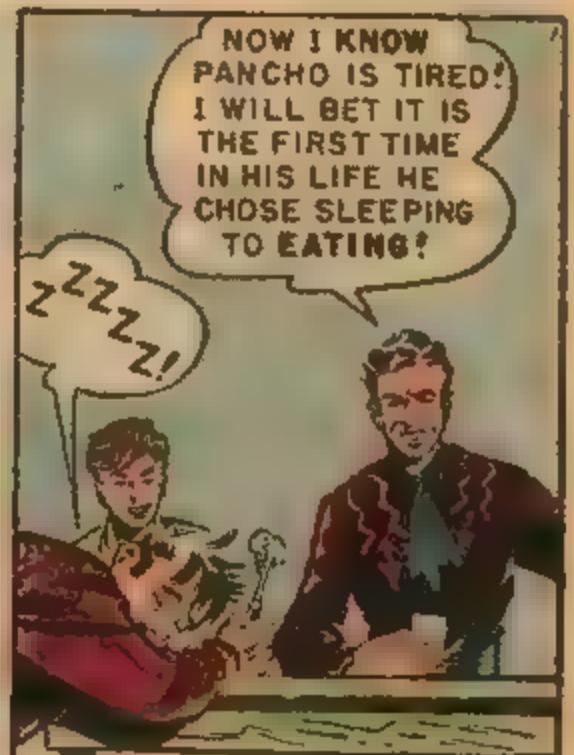
NOW, WE'LL TURN THEM
OVER TO SHERIFF LOCKE
AND THEN HAVE A REAL
CELEBRATION!

THE NEXT NIGHT...

OH, BOY! THIS
IS THE BEST
STEAK I EVER
ATE, CISCO!

IT IS
GOOD,
EH,
PANCHO?

NOW I KNOW
PANCHO IS TIRED!
I WILL BET IT IS
THE FIRST TIME
IN HIS LIFE HE
CHOSE SLEEPING
TO EATING!



THE CISCO KID

AND THE
TREASURE MAP
TO TROUBLE

NIGHTFALL FINDS CISCO AND PANCHO CAMPED
UNDER THE STARS...

AH, PANCHO! WHAT A
BEAUTIFUL NIGHT---THE MOON,
THE STARS! WHAT MORE
COULD ANYONE ASK?

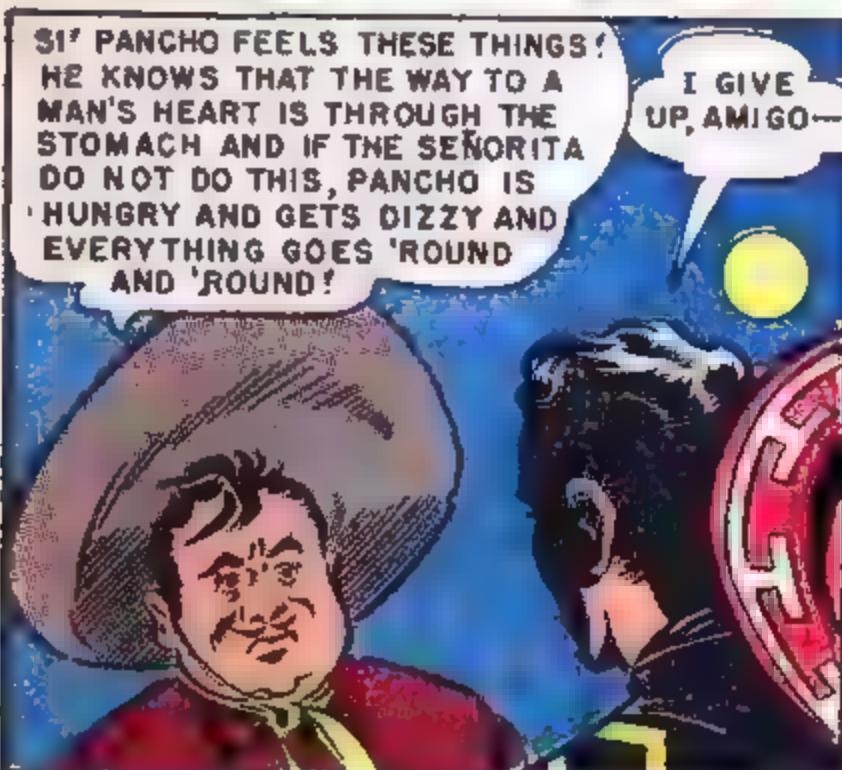
WHAT MORE,
AMIGO? MORE
FOOD? PANCHO
IS STILL HUNGRY!



FOOD, PANCHO, FOOD!
IS THAT ALL YOU
EVER THINK ABOUT?

SÍ! WHAT ELSE IS
THERE FOR PANCHO
TO THINK OF?

MANY THINGS, PANCHO! THE
FREEDOM OF THE OPEN SPACES!
ROMANCE---LOVE! THE BEAUTIFUL
SEÑORITA MAKING HER WAY TO A MAN'S
HEART---THAT IS WHAT MAKES THE
WORLD GO 'ROUND! DO YOU NOT HAVE
ANY OF THESE FEELINGS, AMIGO?



SÍ! PANCHO FEELS THESE THINGS!
HE KNOWS THAT THE WAY TO A
MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH THE
STOMACH AND IF THE SEÑORITA
DO NOT DO THIS, PANCHO IS
HUNGRY AND GETS DIZZY AND
EVERYTHING GOES 'ROUND
AND 'ROUND!

I GIVE
UP, AMIGO—



---LET US GO
TO SLEEP!
GOOD NIGHT,
PANCHO!

GOOD NIGHT,
CISCO!

AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE LAZY-T RANCH, JEAN TIME AWAITS THE RETURN OF HER FATHER —

IT'S FOUR DAYS SINCE DAD'S GONE! WHAT COULD BE KEEPING HIM? UNLESS UNCLE CLETE---OH! SOMEONE'S COMING---

I DO HOPE IT'S ---

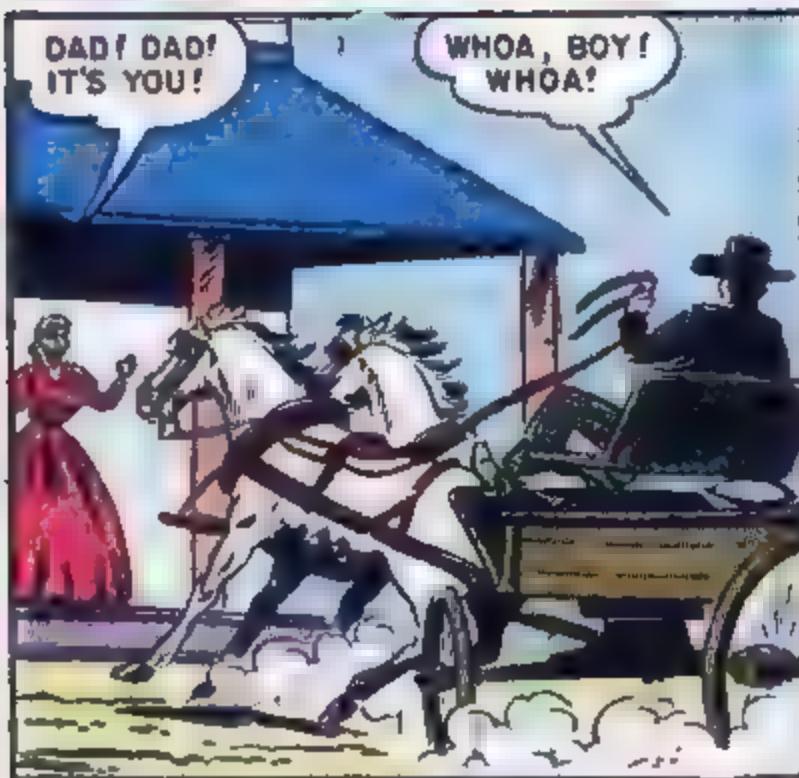


DAD! DAD!
IT'S YOU!

WHOA, BOY!
WHOA!

OH, DAD! I WAS SO
WORRIED! YOU SAID
YOU'D ONLY BE
GONE FOR TWO DAYS!

I KNOW, JEAN!
BUT THINGS
DIDN'T GO
SO WELL—

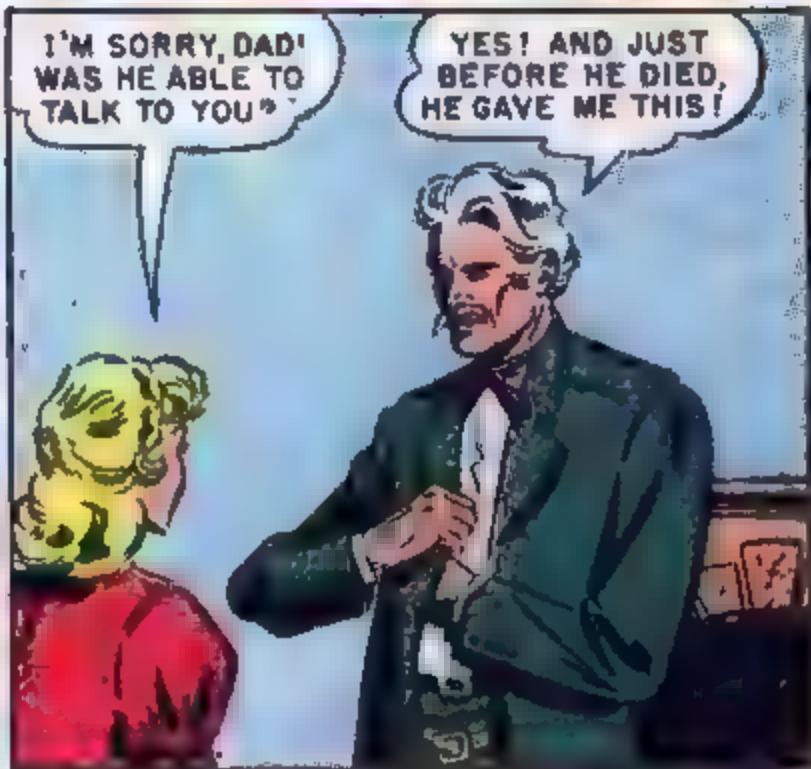


YOU MEAN ---
UNCLE CLETE —

YES, JEAN! HE---HE
DIED SHORTLY AFTER
I SAW HIM! I STAYED
ON FOR THE FUNERAL,
THAT'S WHY I WAS
SO LONG!

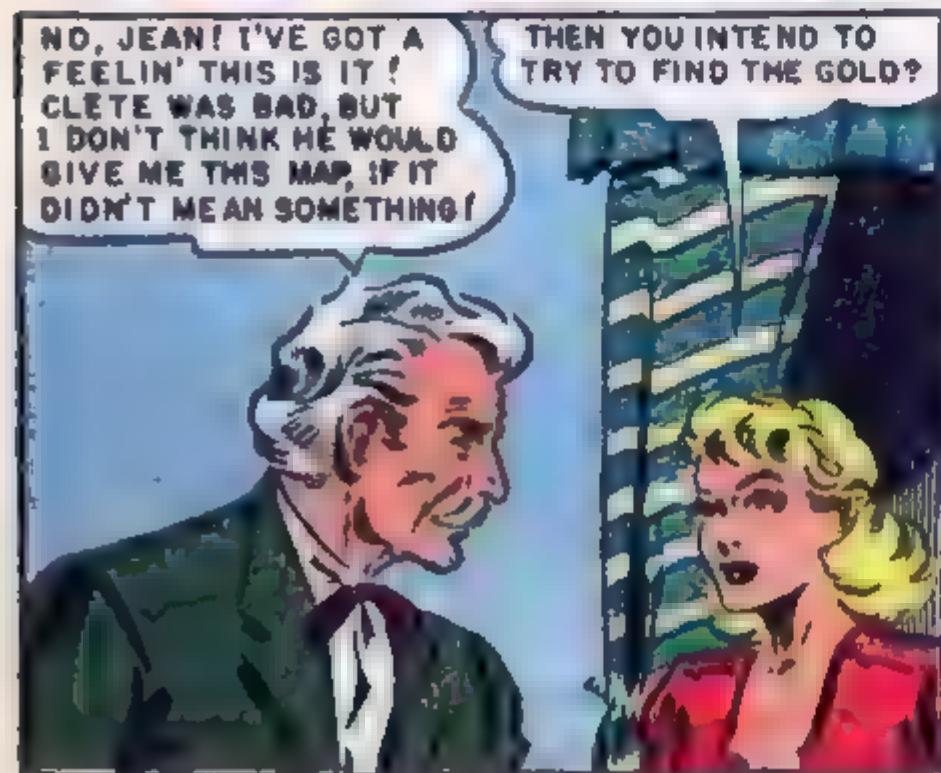
I'M SORRY, DAD!
WAS HE ABLE TO
TALK TO YOU?

YES! AND JUST
BEFORE HE DIED,
HE GAVE ME THIS!



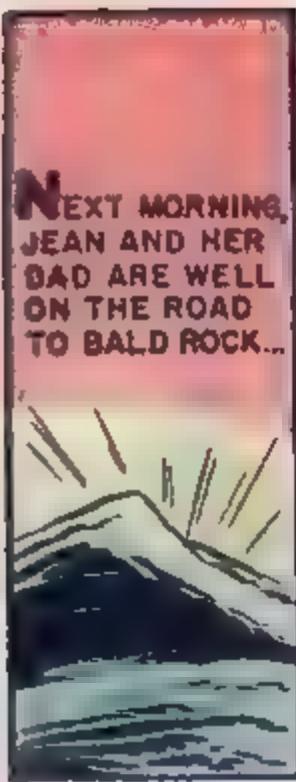


OH, DAD! I KNOW HE WAS YOUR
BROTHER AND THAT HE'S DEAD NOW,
BUT HE NEVER WAS ANY GOOD! HE
LIED, STOLE--- AND HOW MANY
TIMES HAVE YOU GOTTEN HIM OUT
JAIL? FORGET ABOUT IT, PLEASE!

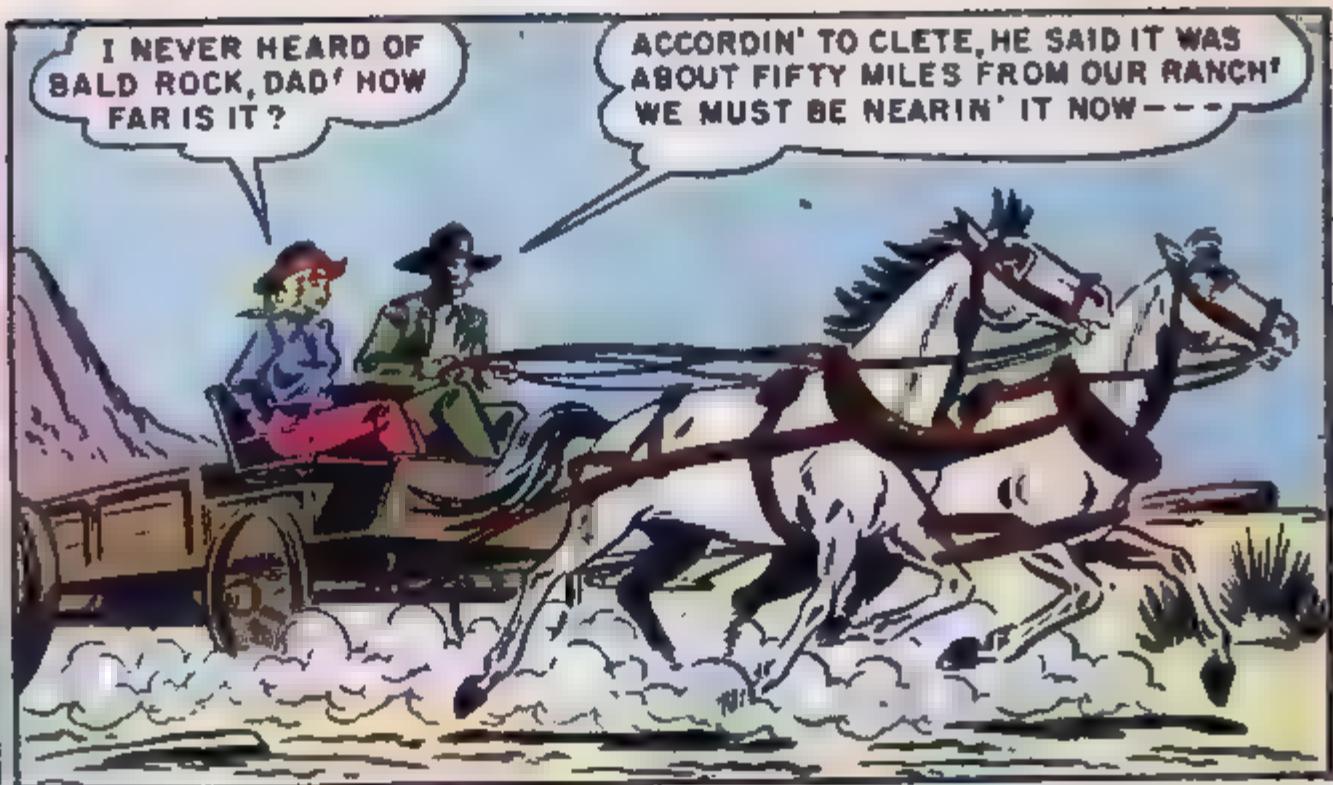


YES! AN' WE'RE LEAVIN'
EARLY TOMORROW MORNIN',
SO WE BOTH BETTER
GET SOME SLEEP!



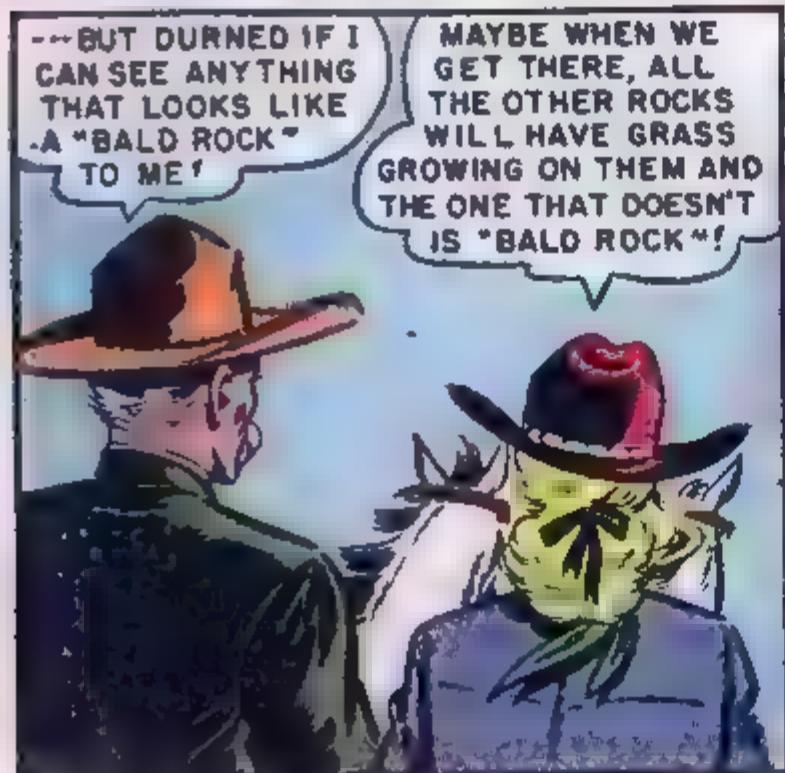


NEXT MORNING,
JEAN AND HER
DAD ARE WELL
ON THE ROAD
TO BALD ROCK...



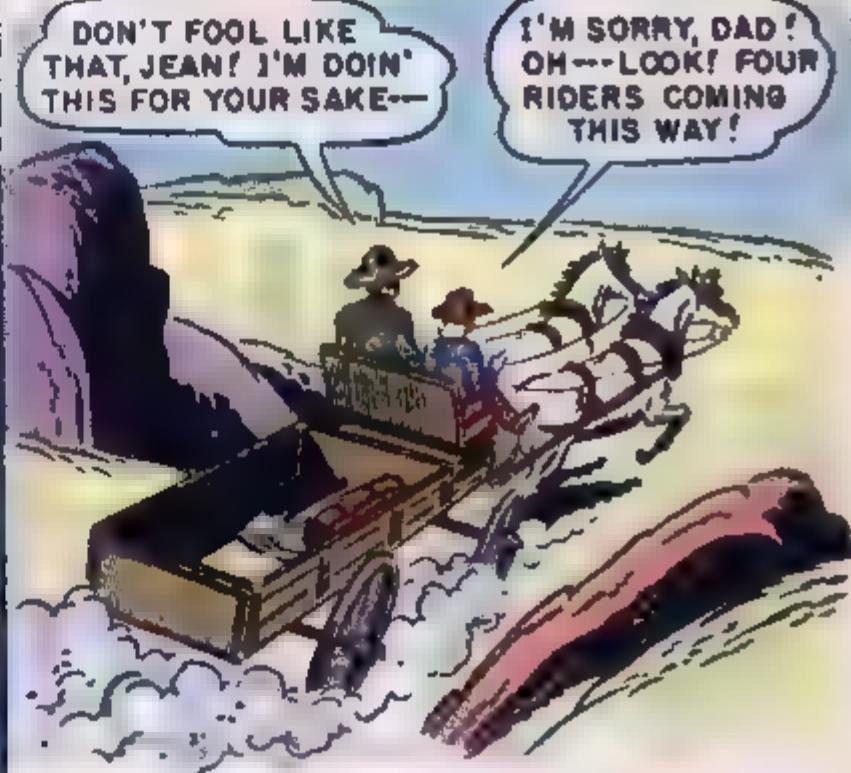
I NEVER HEARD OF
BALD ROCK, DAD! HOW
FAR IS IT?

ACCORDIN' TO CLETE, HE SAID IT WAS
ABOUT FIFTY MILES FROM OUR RANCH!
WE MUST BE NEARIN' IT NOW---



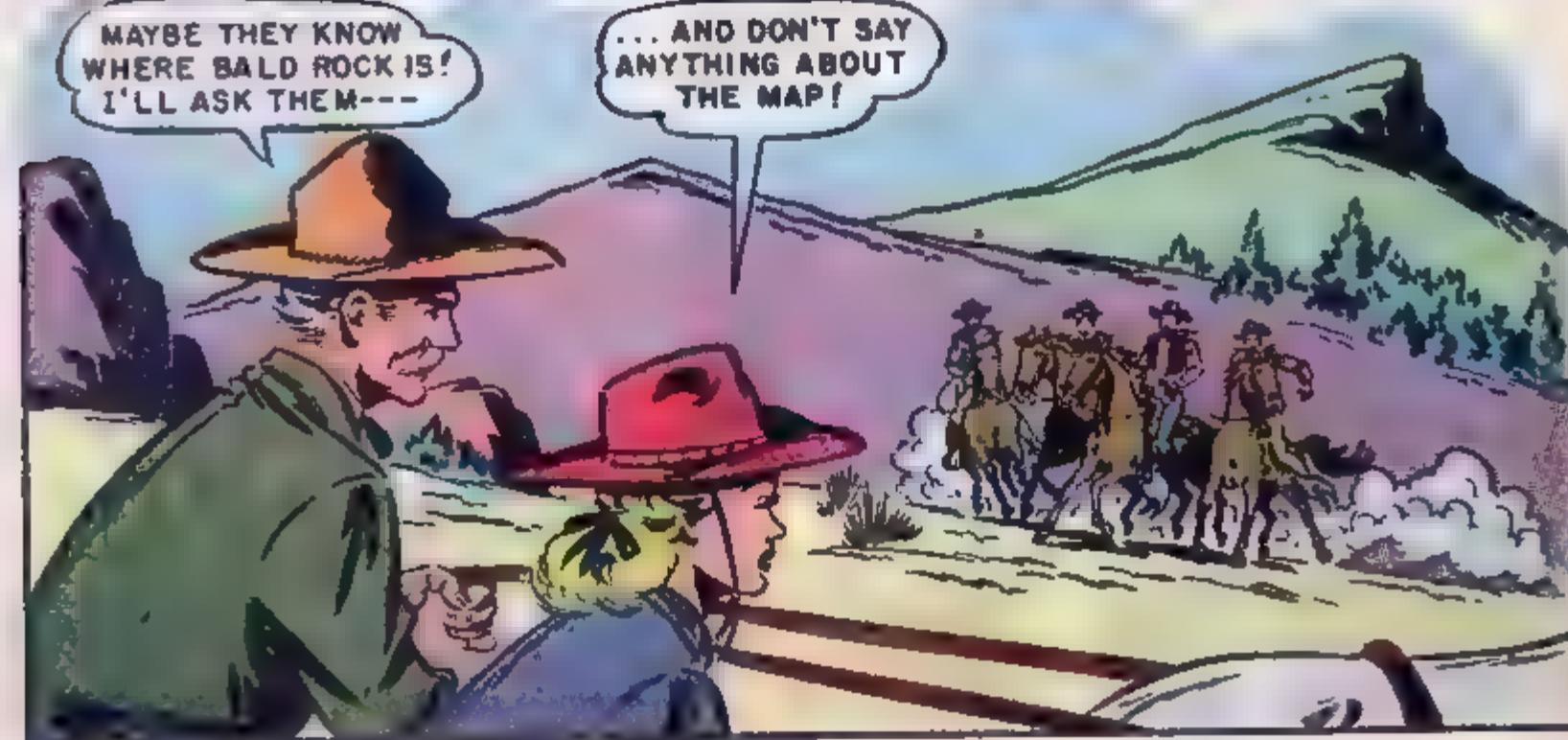
--BUT DURNED IF I
CAN SEE ANYTHING
THAT LOOKS LIKE
A "BALD ROCK"
TO ME!

MAYBE WHEN WE
GET THERE, ALL
THE OTHER ROCKS
WILL HAVE GRASS
GROWING ON THEM AND
THE ONE THAT DOESN'T
IS "BALD ROCK"!



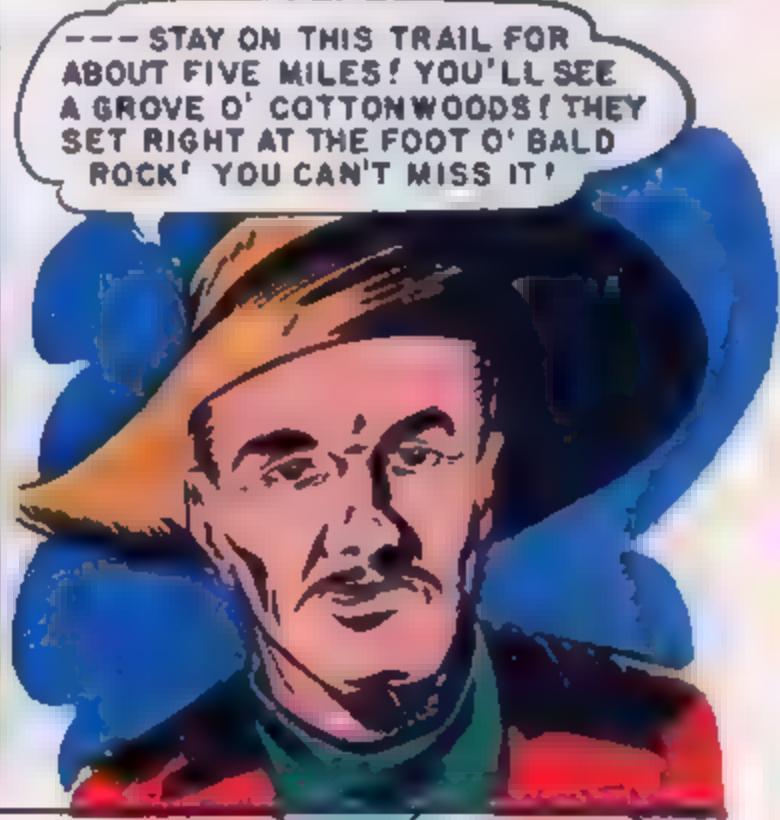
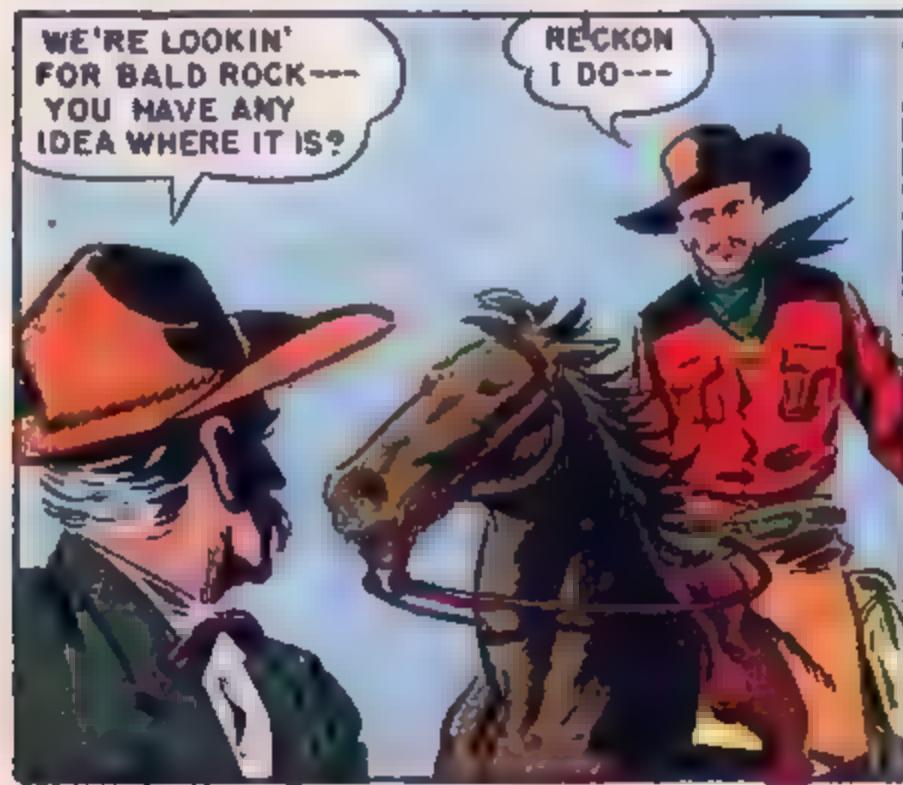
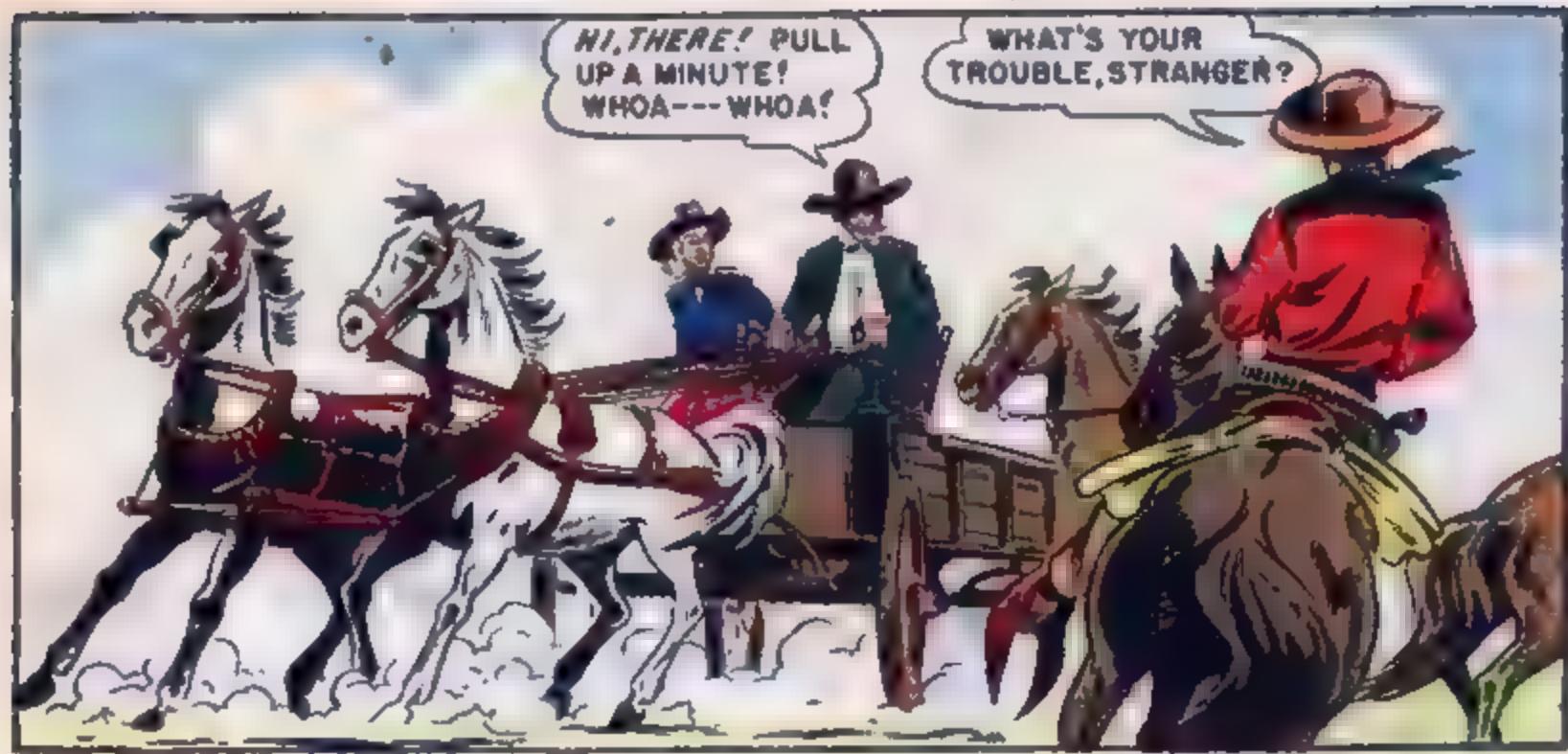
DON'T FOOL LIKE
THAT, JEAN! I'M DOIN'
THIS FOR YOUR SAKE--

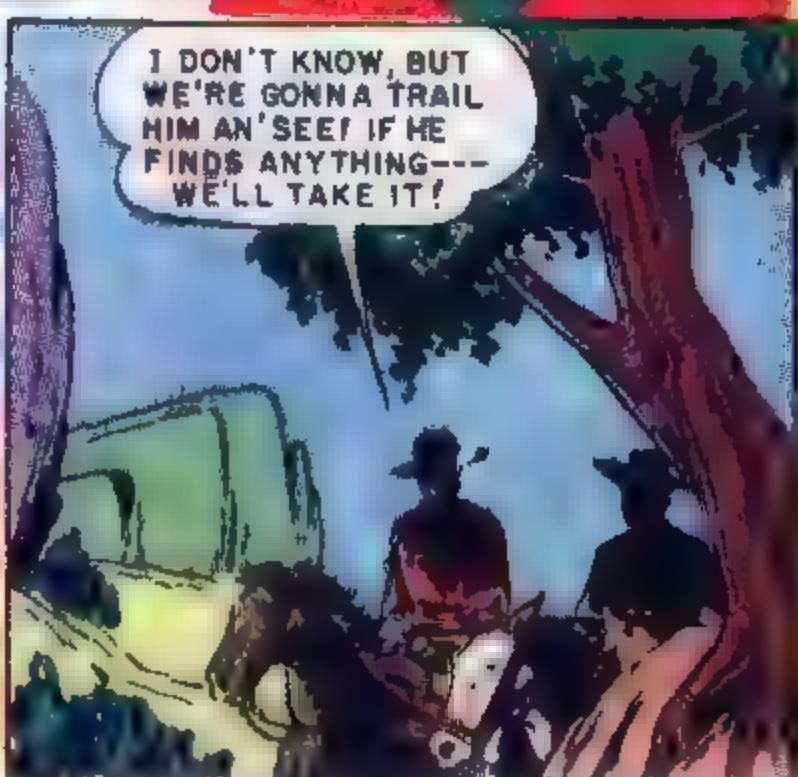
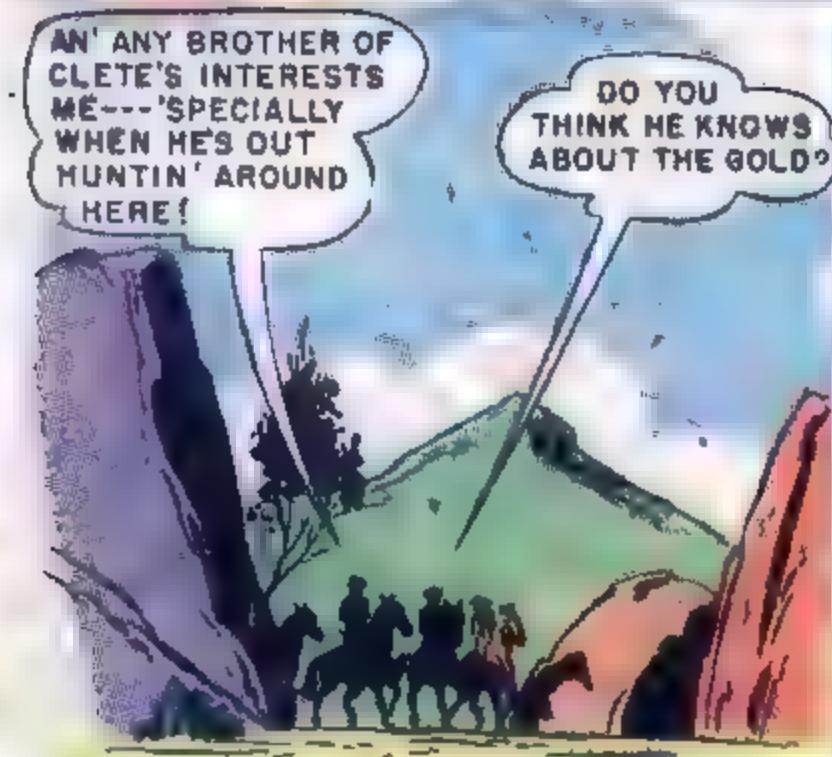
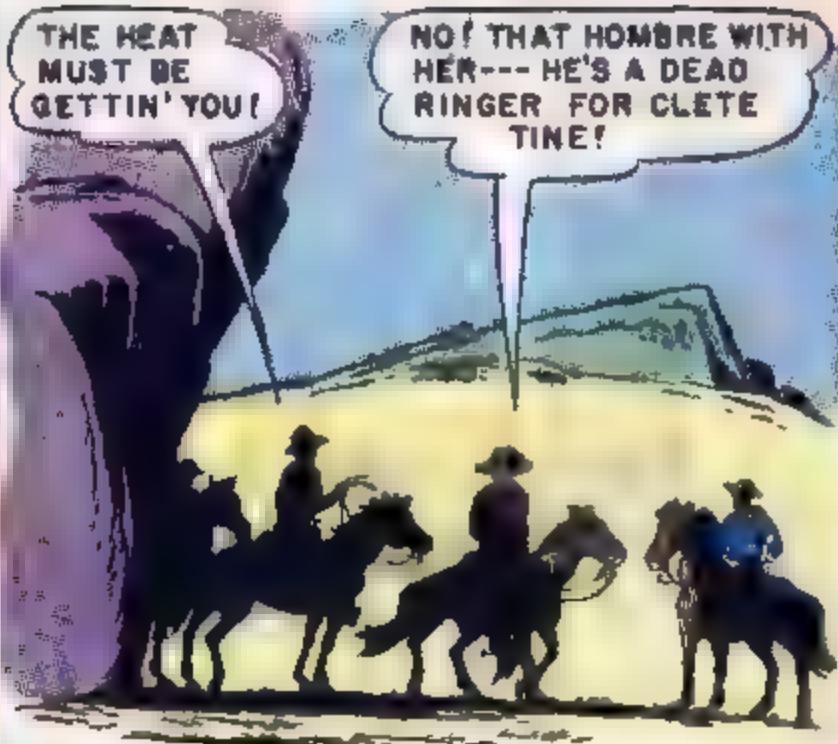
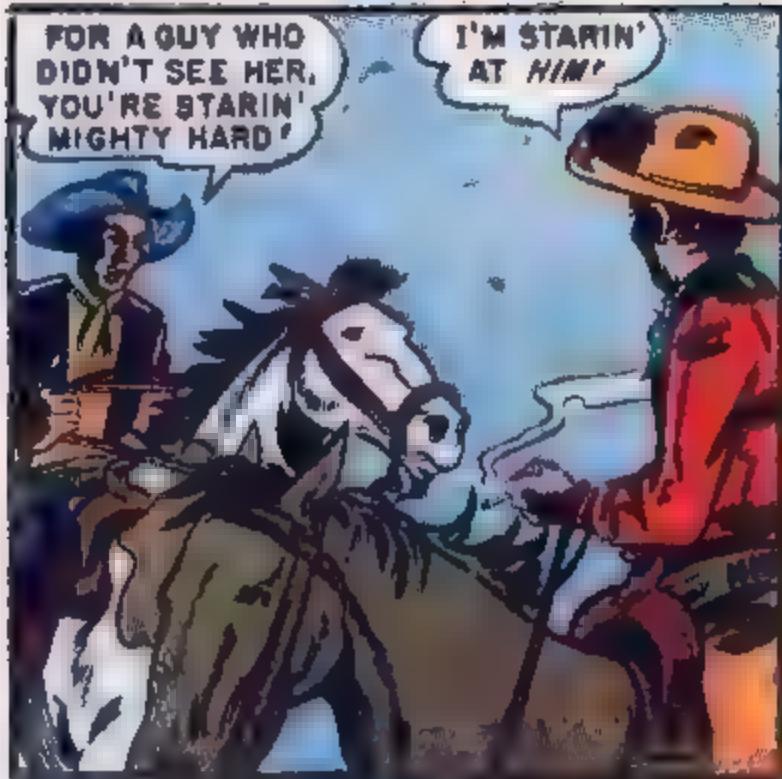
I'M SORRY, DAD!
OH---LOOK! FOUR
RIDERS COMING
THIS WAY!



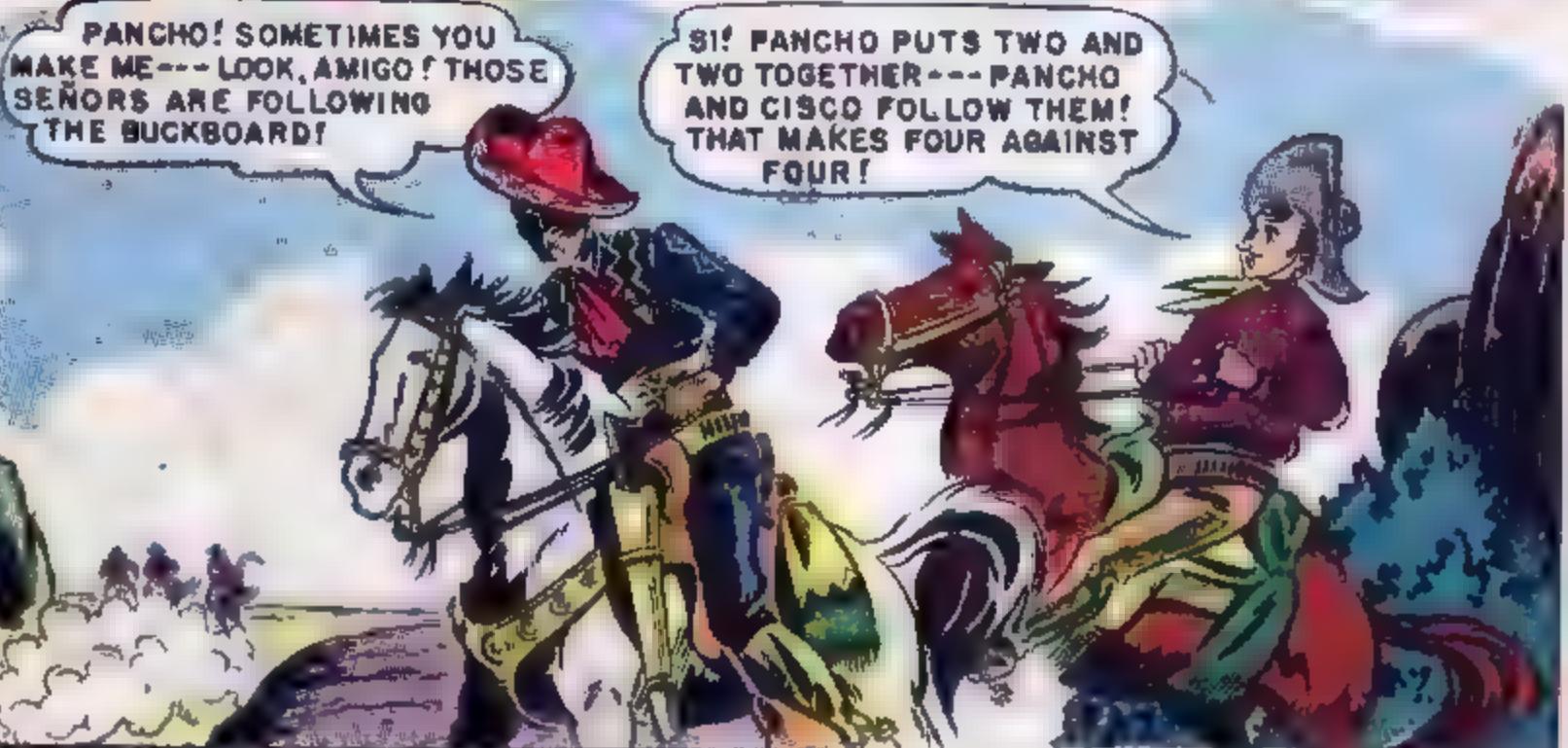
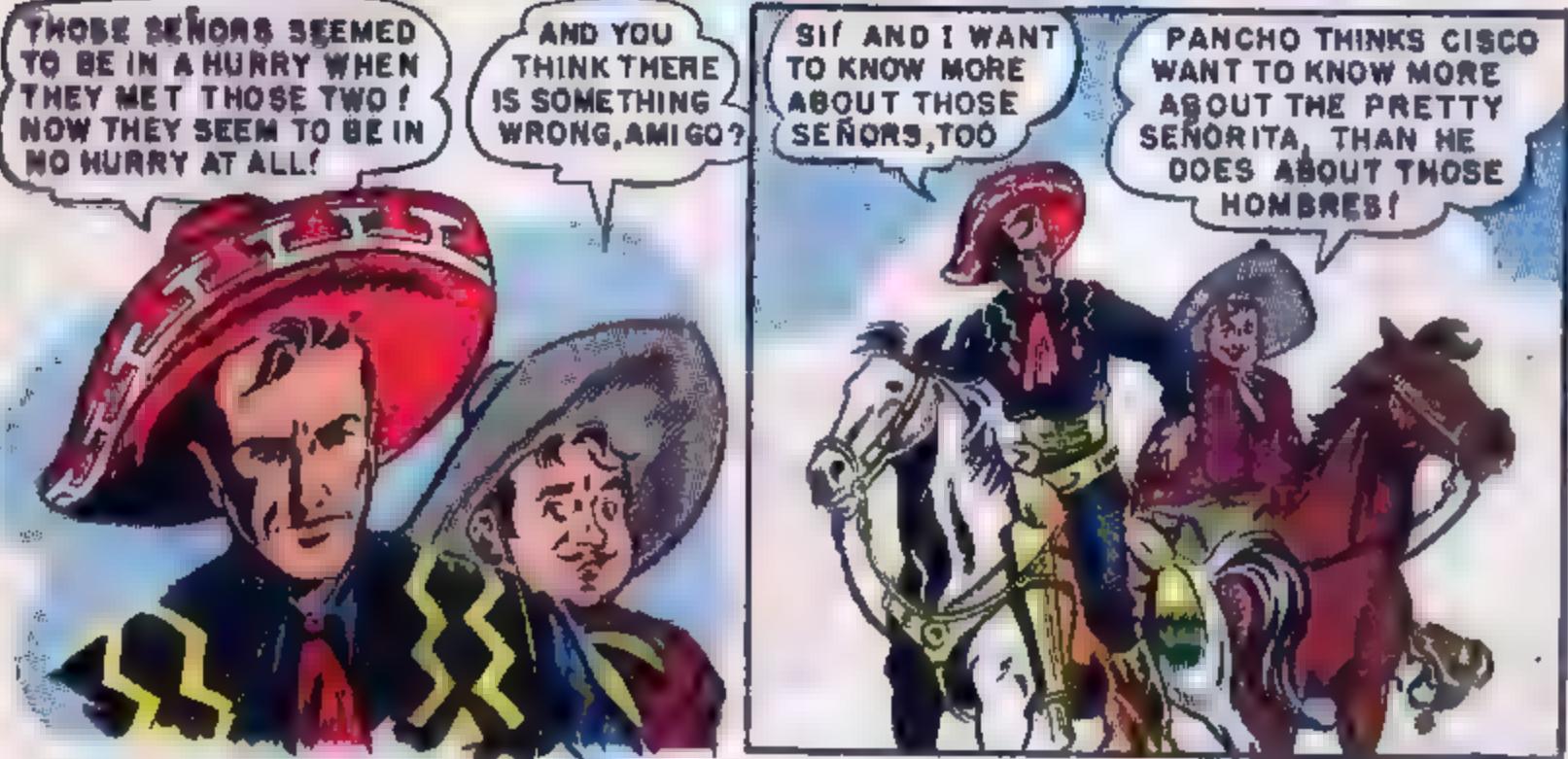
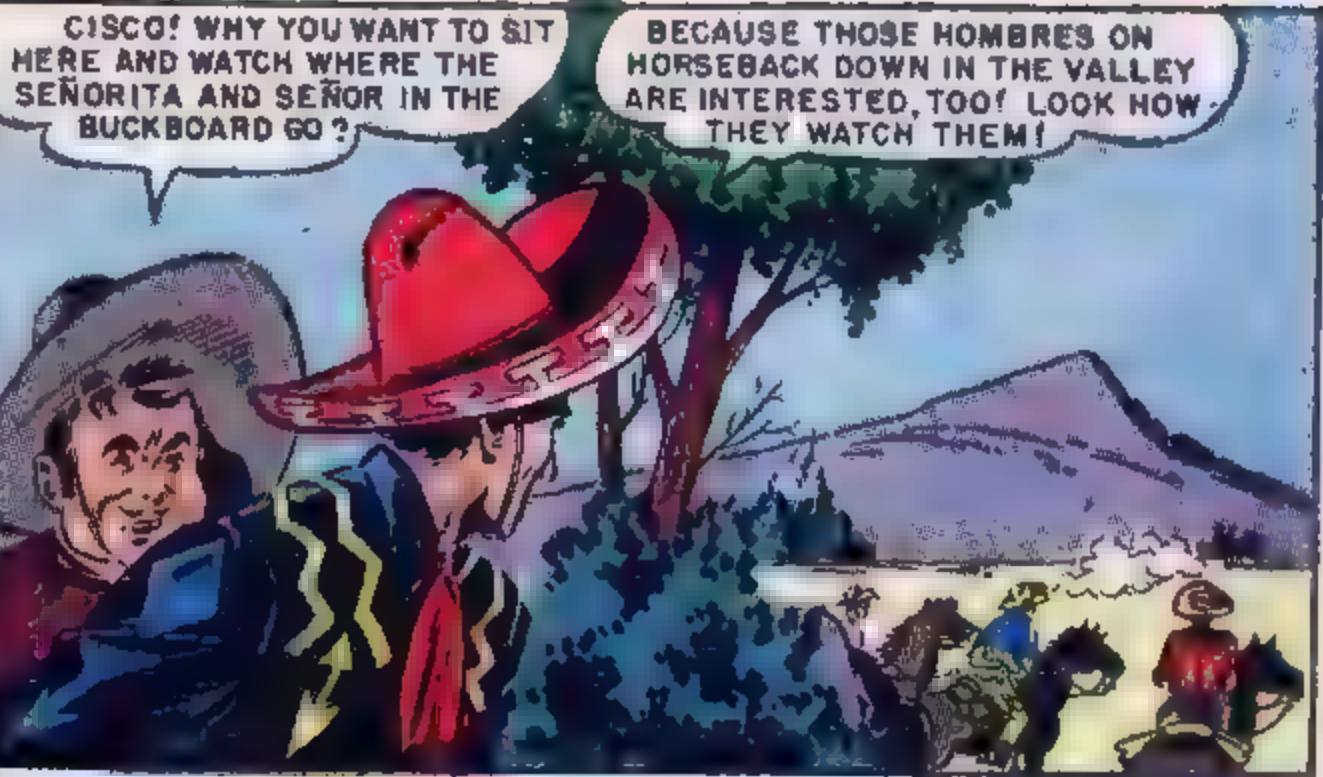
MAYBE THEY KNOW
WHERE BALD ROCK IS!
I'LL ASK THEM---

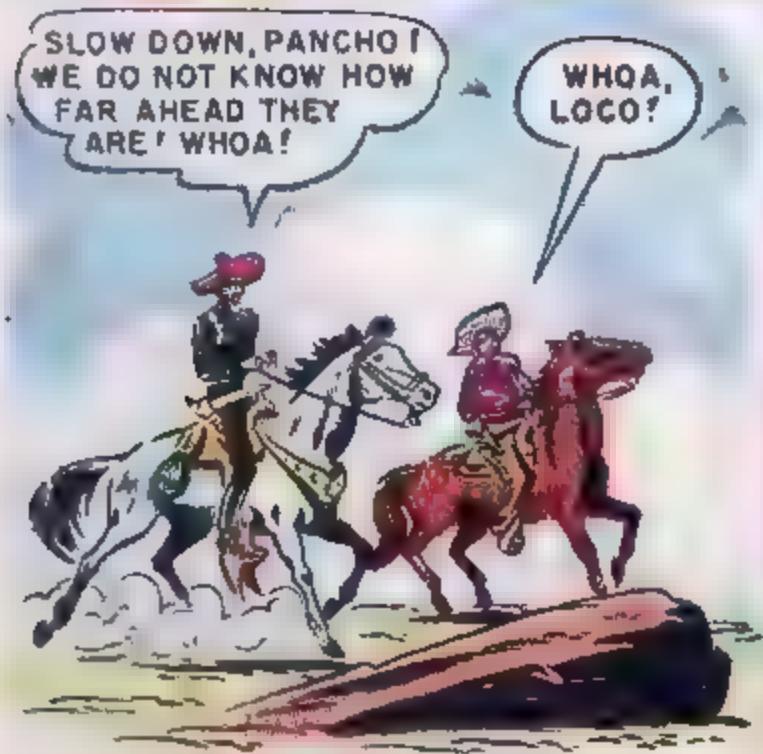
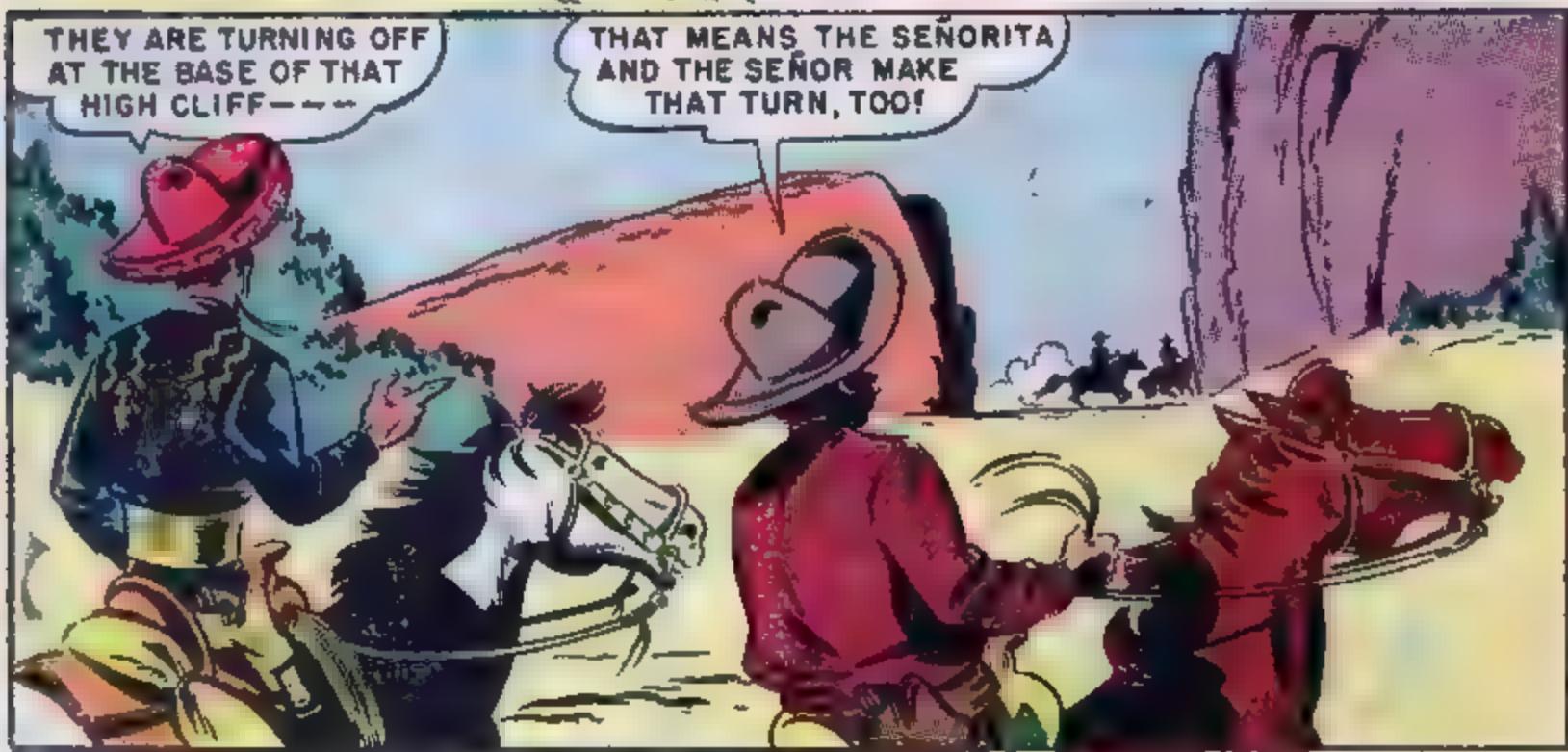
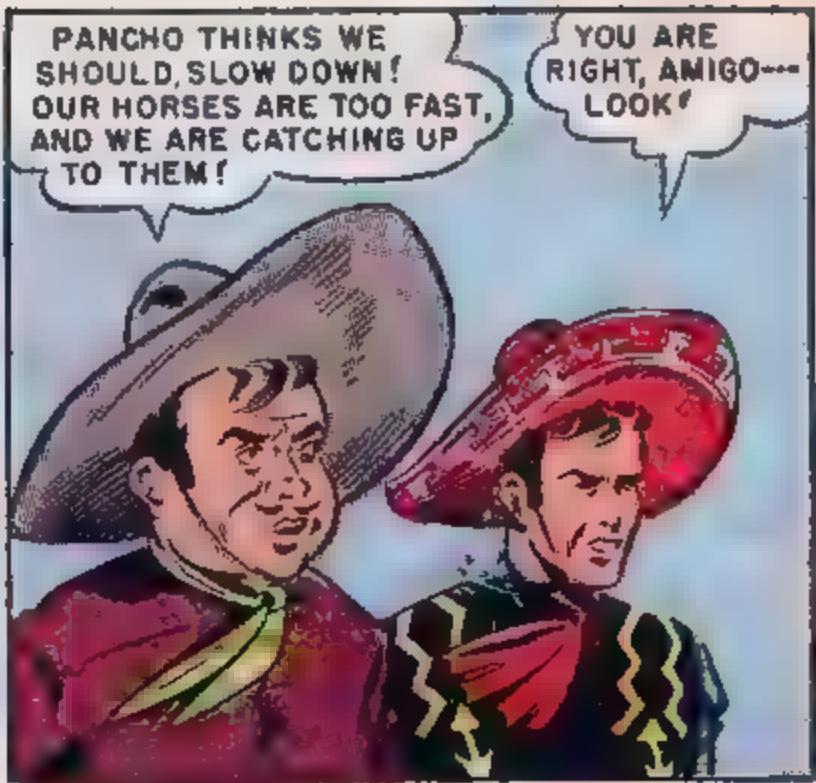
... AND DON'T SAY
ANYTHING ABOUT
THE MAP!

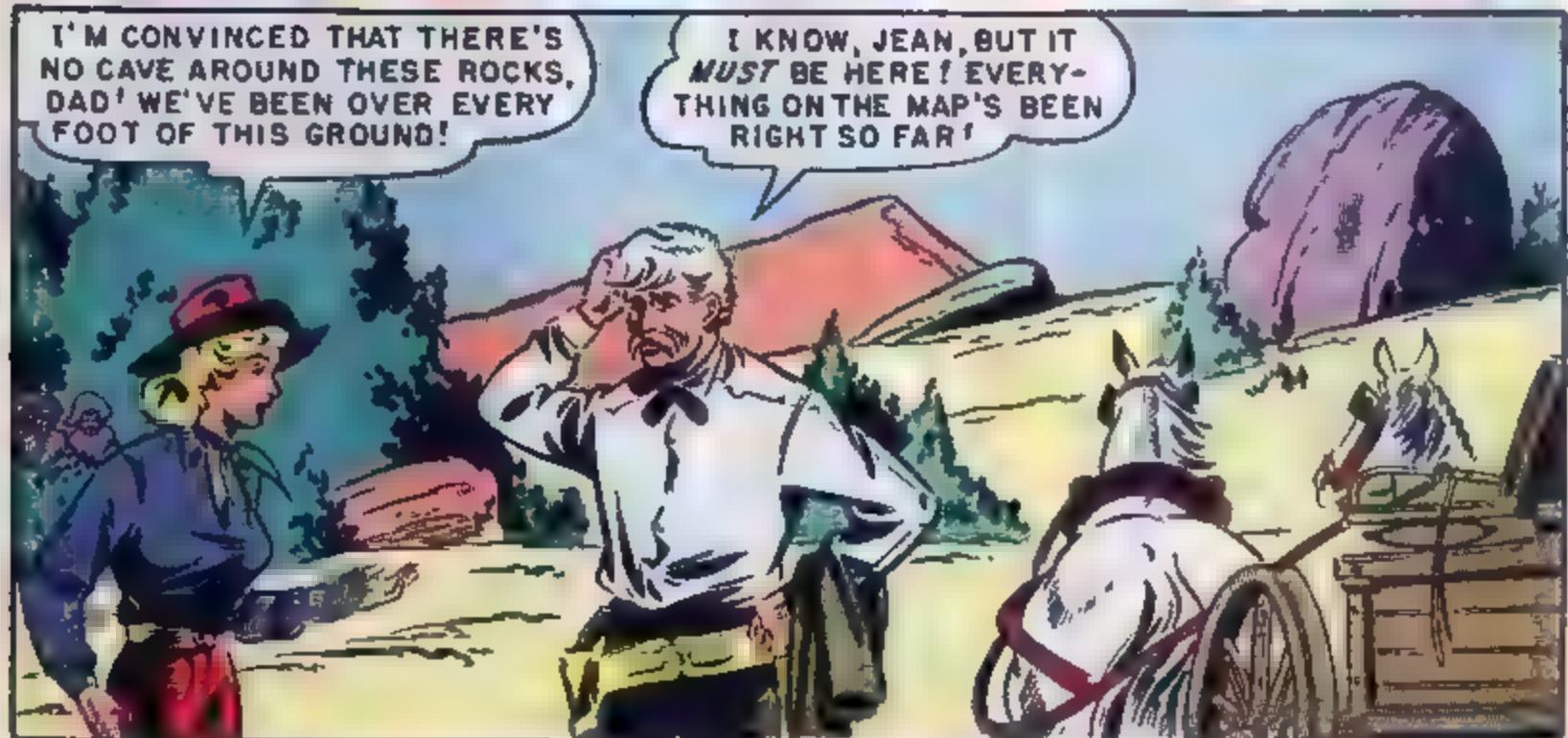
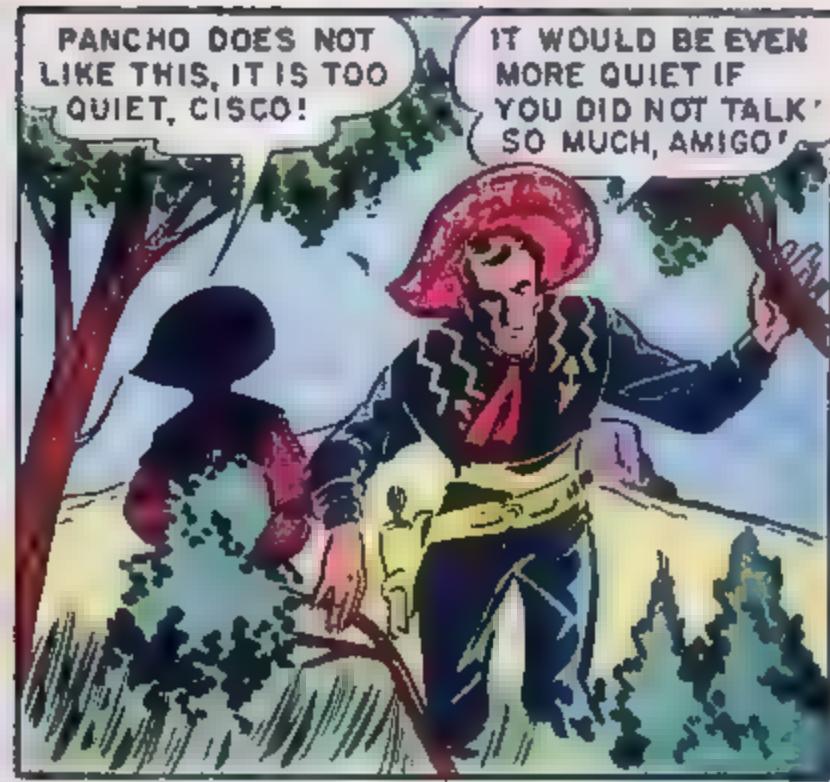
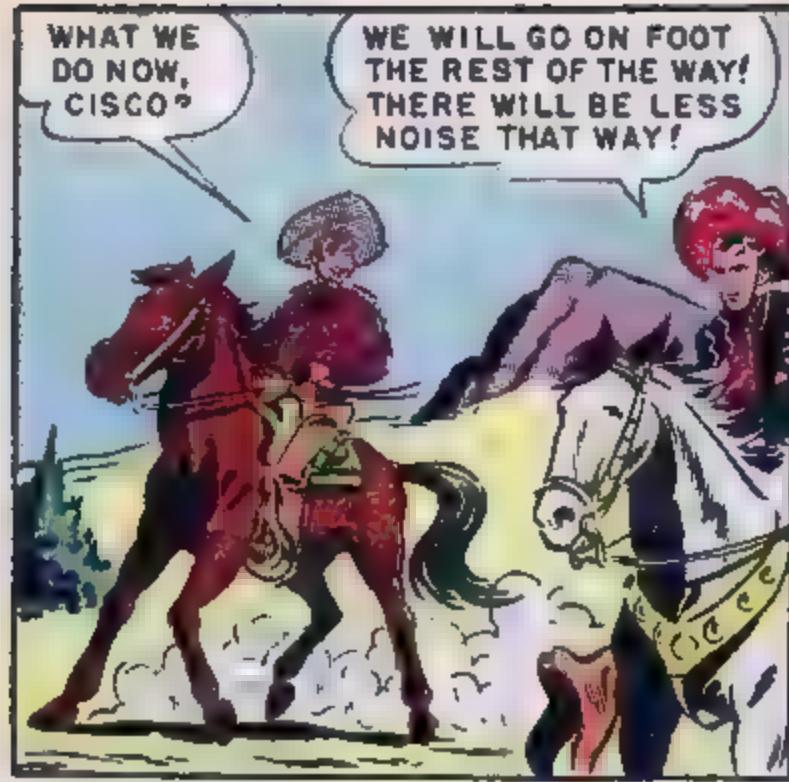


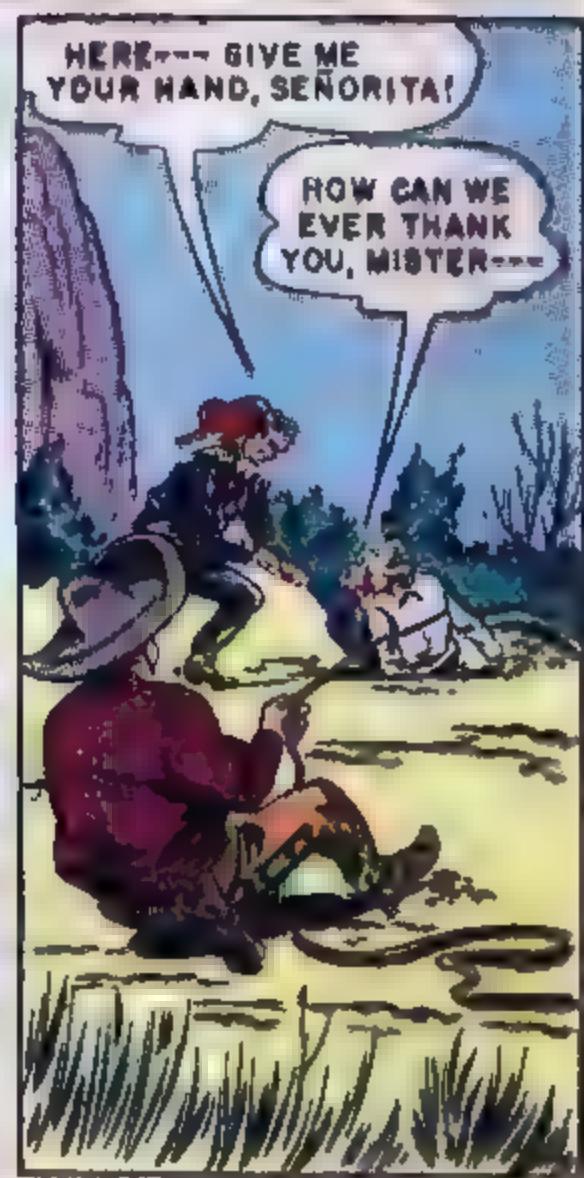


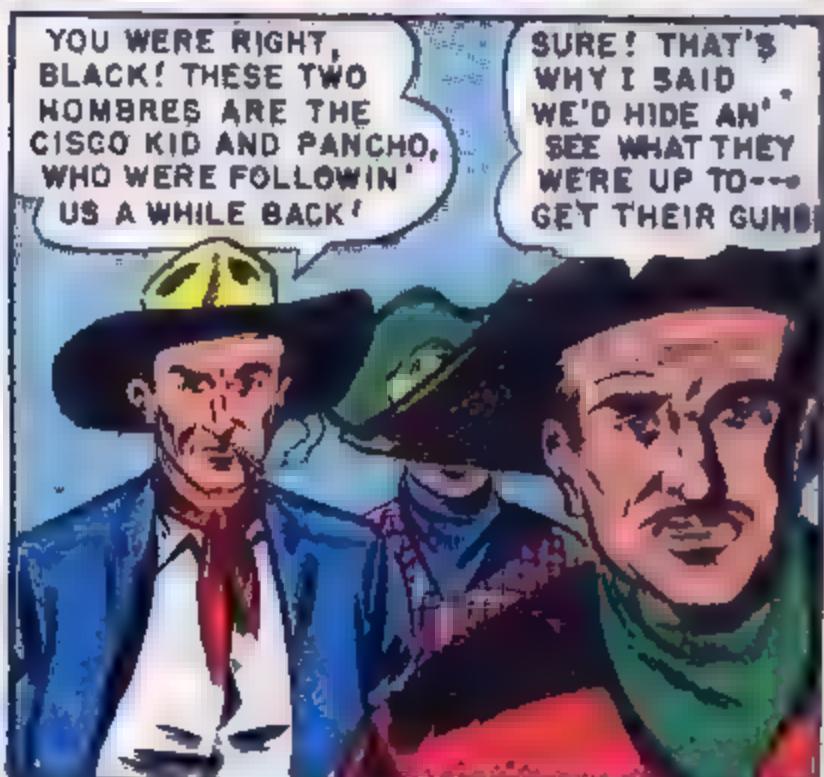
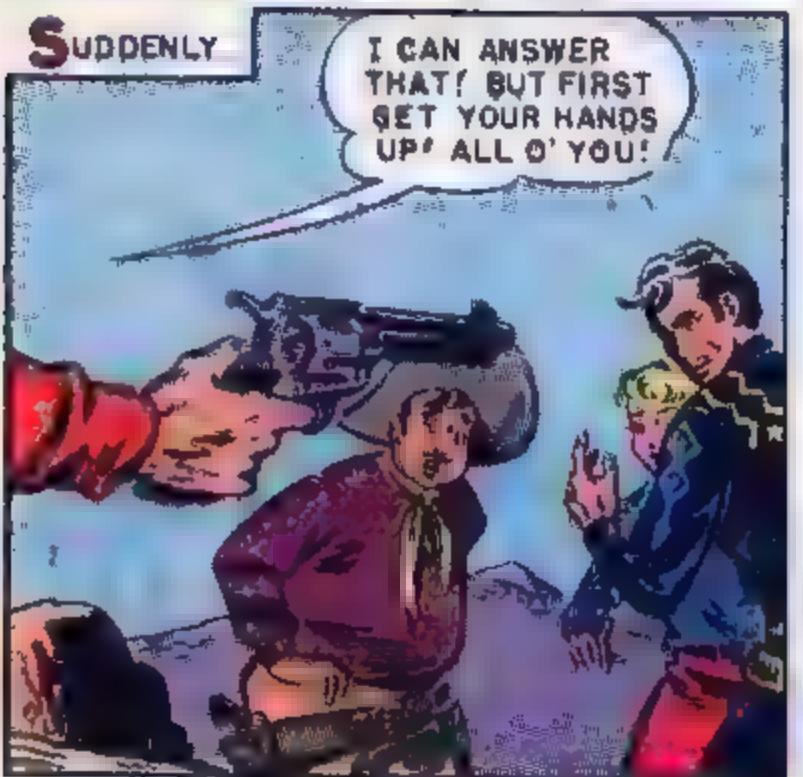
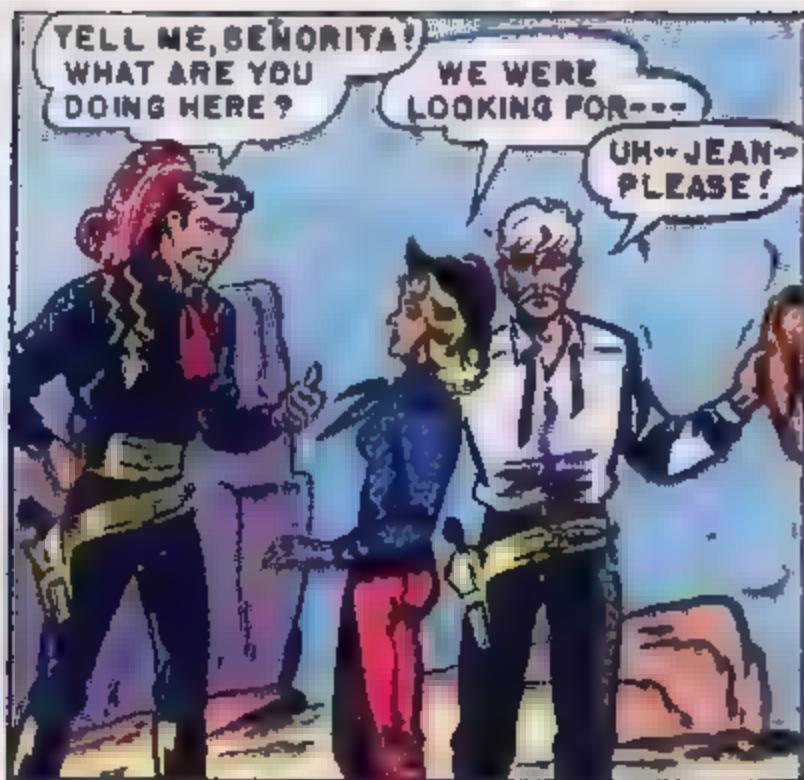
FROM ATOP A
SMALL RISE, AND
CONCEALED BY
LOW GROWING
SHRUBS, CISCO
AND PANCHO
WATCH WITH
INTEREST,
BLACK BIMTON
AND HIS
GANG...

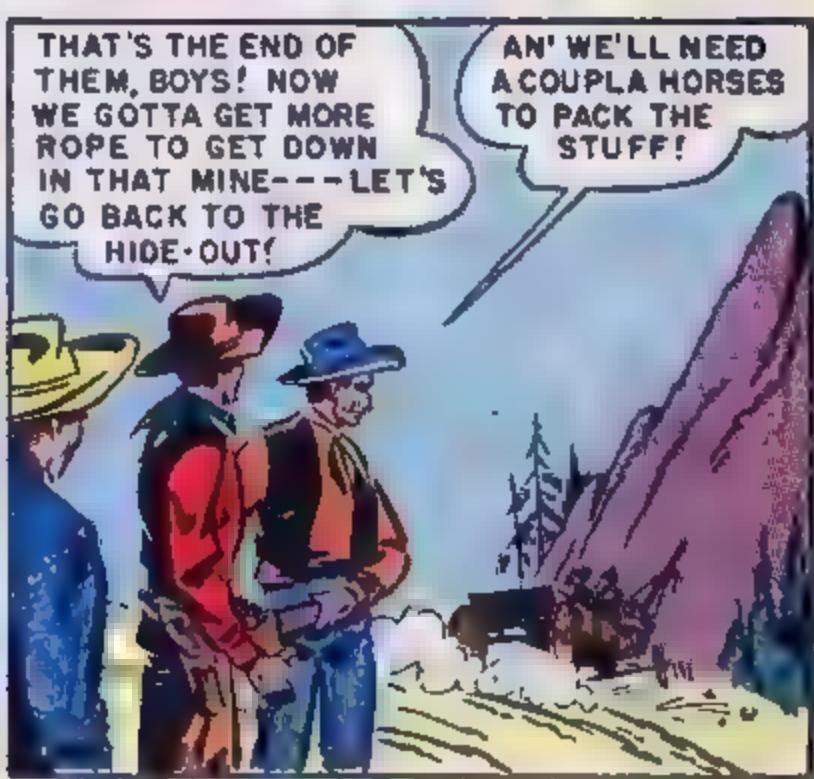
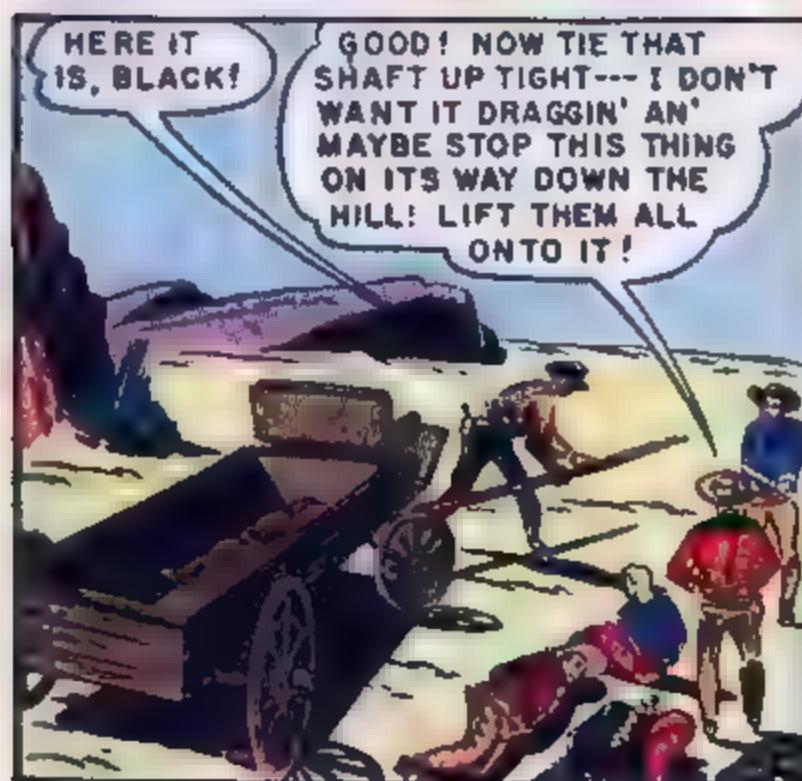
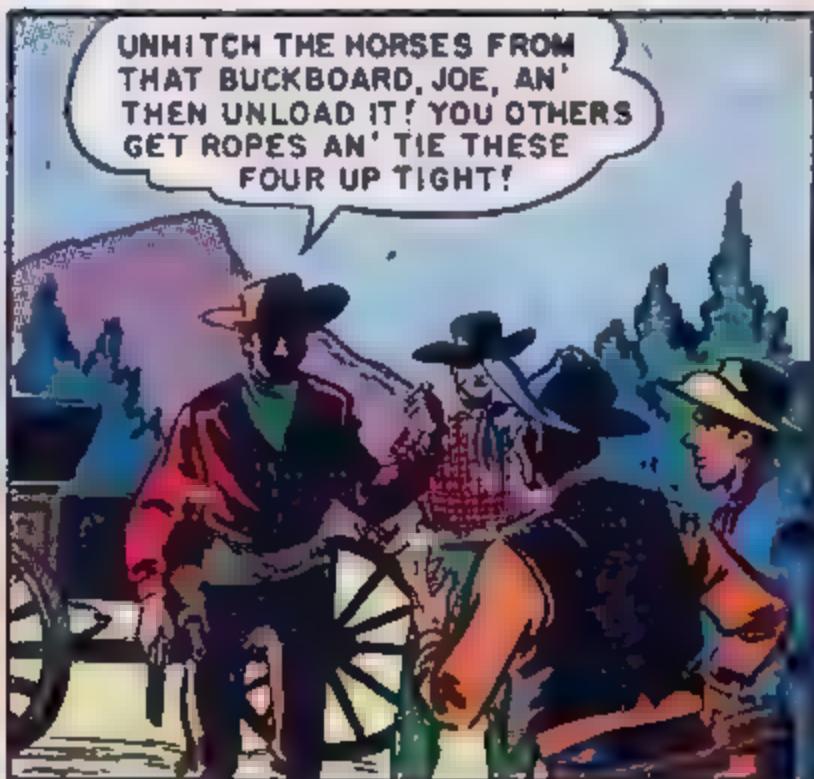












AND AS THE BUCKBOARD PLUMMETS DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE ...

CISCO---
WE ARE
GOING TO
DIE!

THESE ROPES---
IF I COULD ONLY
GET OUT OF
THEM---

COURAGE,
SEÑOR---

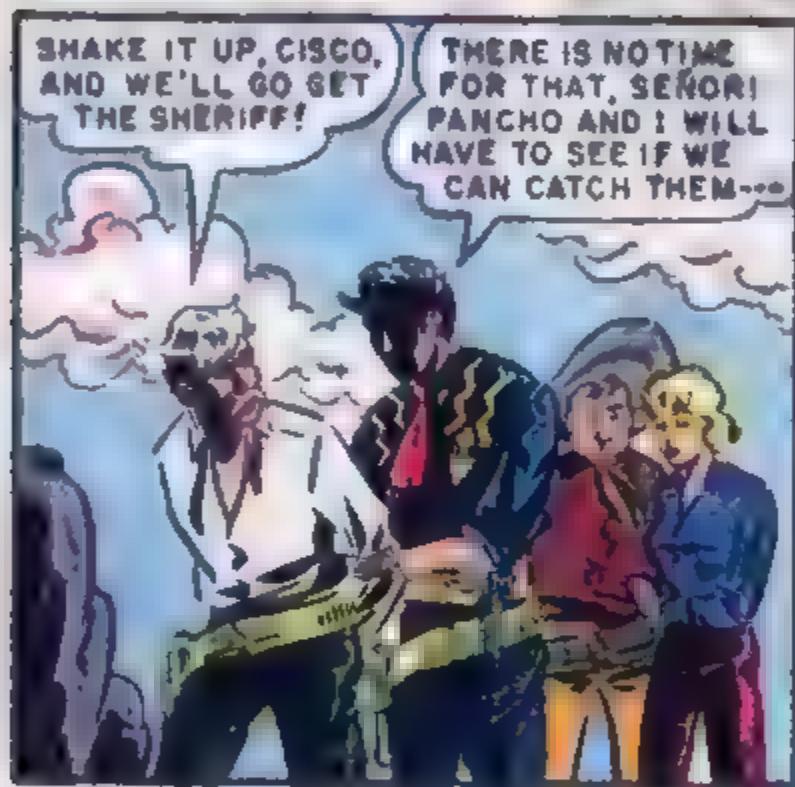
--- I AM GETTING
OUT OF MINE!

HURRY!
PANCHO IS TOO
YOUNG TO DIE!

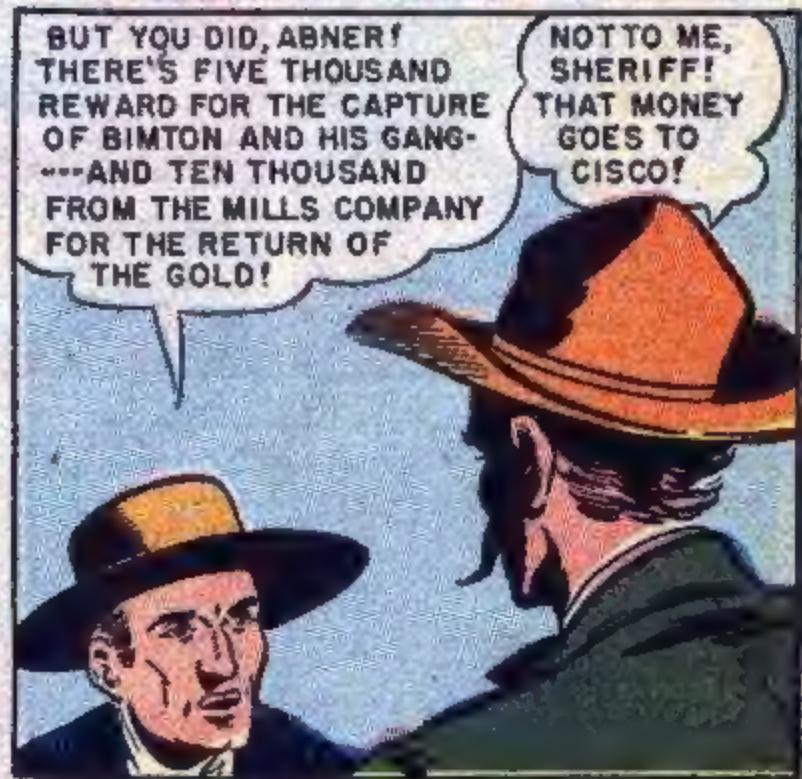
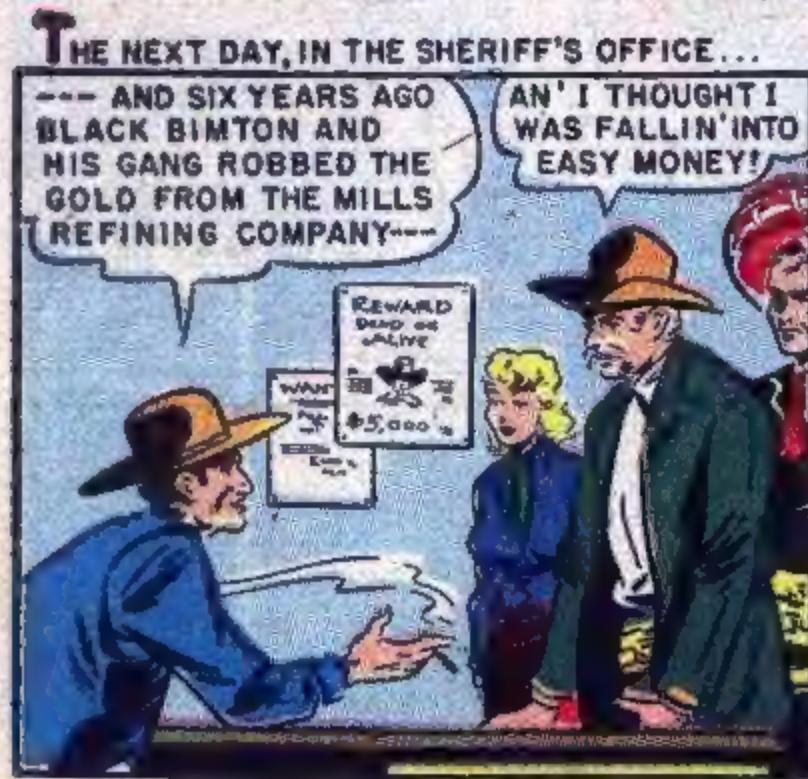
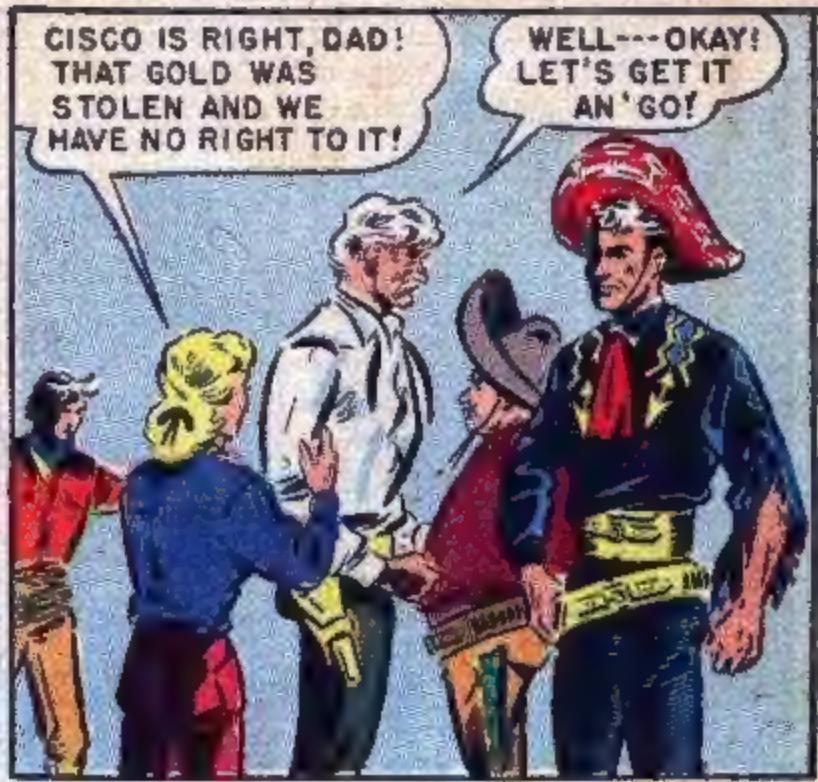
THERE!--- NOW TO
UNTIE THE SHAFT
AND STEER THIS
BUCKBOARD!

CISCO!
WE HEAD
FOR THAT
TREE--- HURRY!









HUNTING BIGHORN SHEEP



BIGHORN
SHEEP

THE AVERAGE BIGHORN SHEEP WEIGHS 150 TO 200 POUNDS. LIKE ALL ANIMALS WHO LIVE IN TREELESS COUNTRY, THE BIGHORN DEPENDS ON PHENOMENAL EYESIGHT TO PROTECT HIM. HIS HOOFS ARE HOLLOWED OUT ON THE BOTTOM AND THE FRONT EDGE IS VERY HARD AND SHARP. HE LIVES IN SUCH DIFFICULT TERRITORY THAT HE HAS NO ENEMY OTHER THAN MAN, AND NO NEIGHBOR EXCEPT THE MOUNTAIN GOAT. WHEN A HUNTER SEES ONE OF THESE ANIMALS LEAP DOWN A VERTICAL ROCK WALL AND LAND ON A NARROW PINNACLE OF ROCK, HE OFTEN FEELS THAT HE HAS SEEN AN OPTICAL ILLUSION. THE BIGHORN'S ABILITY TO CLIMB, JUMP AND DODGE ON BARE ROCKS MAKE HIM THE HARDEST ANIMAL TO KILL IN NORTH AMERICA. WHEN YOU HAVE A BIGHORN TROPHY, YOU ARE REALLY A HUNTER.

THE HUNTER WHO PURSUES THE BIGHORN SHEEP AND THE MOUNTAIN GOAT IS HUNTING THE MOST DANGEROUS KIND OF GAME. THE STEEP MOUNTAIN RANGES PROTECT THE SHEEP AND MANY HUNTERS TAKE HARD FALLS, RISKING THEIR LIVES WITH EVERY STEP. A HUNTER MUST VERY CAREFULLY CONSIDER WHERE THE SHEEP FALLS AFTER THE BULLET HITS! HE MIGHT FALL A THOUSAND YARDS INTO AN INACCESSIBLE PLACE.

WITH THE BIGHORN, ONLY THE BEST RIFLE, TELESCOPE AND HUNTER ARE GOOD ENOUGH.



A black bear is shown from the chest up, looking directly at the viewer with a neutral expression. It has dark brown fur and a white patch on its chest. The background is a dense forest of tall evergreen trees.

This black bear is looking trouble right in the face. The cottonmouth moccasin is one of the most poisonous snakes

Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

in the south. The black bear is the most familiar of American bears being far more numerous than the brown bear.